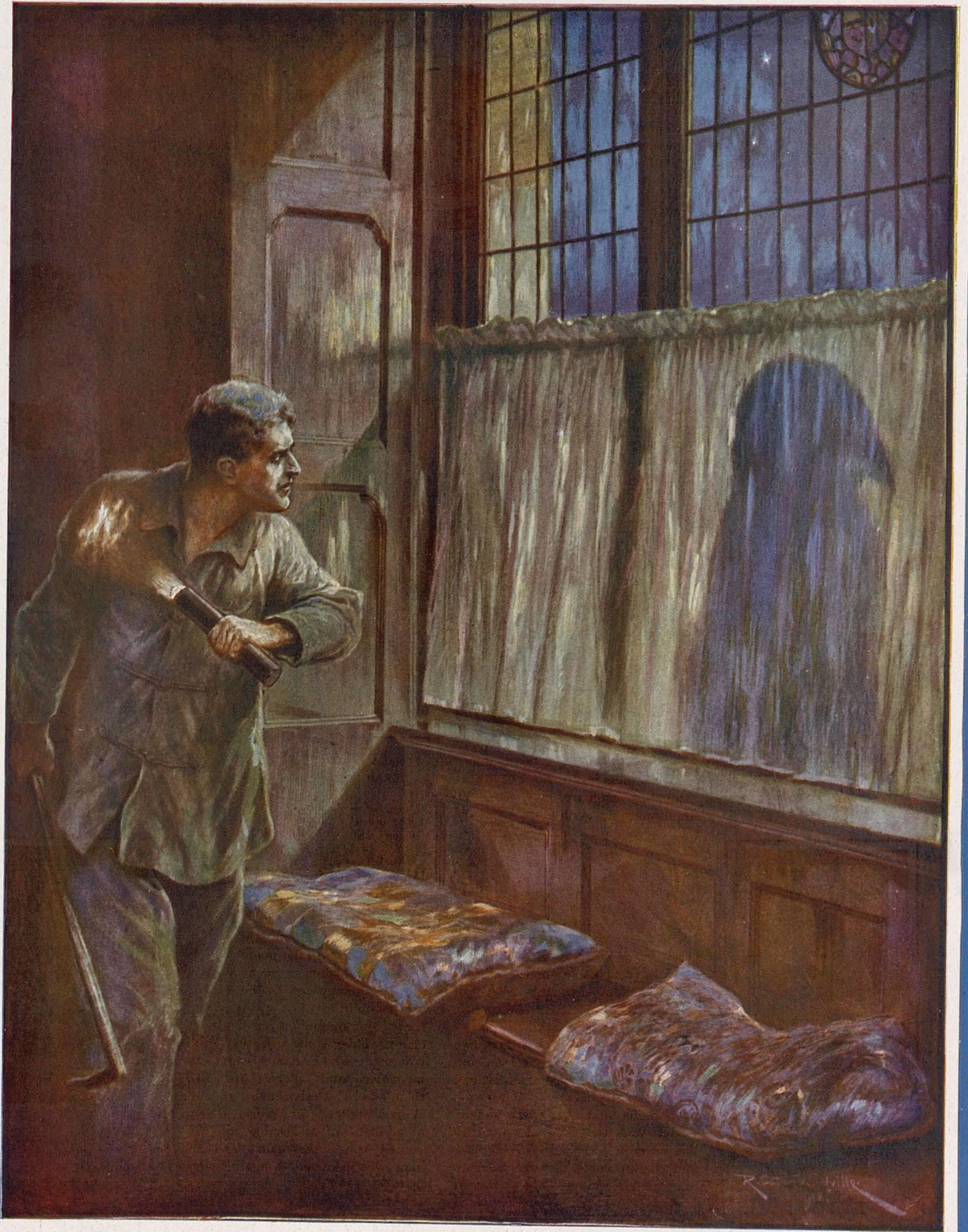


READY NOV 25<sup>TH</sup>—WITH COMPLETE SAX ROHMER NOVEL: "THE GOLDEN SCORPION."

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1918

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

WAR RESTRICTION: To ensure a copy, you must order from your Newsagent or Bookstall at once.



# "THE GOLDEN SCORPION,"

An Oriental Mystery.

By SAX ROHMER.

## PART I.—THE COWLED MAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SHADOW OF A COWL.

KEPPEL STUART, M.D., F.R.S., awoke with a start and discovered himself to be bathed in cold perspiration. The moonlight shone in at his window, but did not touch the bed, therefore his waking could not be due to this cause. He lay for some time listening for any unfamiliar noise which might account for the sudden disturbance of his usually sound slumbers. In the house below nothing stirred. His windows were widely open, and he could detect that vague drumming which is characteristic of midnight London; sometimes, too, the clashing of buffers upon some siding of the Brighton Railway where shunting was in progress; an occasional siren note from the Thames; otherwise—nothing.

He glanced at the luminous disc of his watch. The hour was half-past two. Dawn was not far off. The night seemed to have become almost intolerably hot, and to this heat Stuart felt disposed to ascribe both his awakening and also a feeling of uncomfortable tension of which he now became aware. He continued to listen, and, listening and hearing nothing, recognised with anger that he was frightened. A sense of some presence oppressed him. Someone or something evil was near him—perhaps in the room, veiled by the shadows. This uncanny sensation grew more and more marked.

Stuart sat up in bed, slowly and cautiously, looking all about him. He remembered to have awakened once thus in India—and to have found a great cobra coiled at his feet. His inspection revealed the presence of nothing unfamiliar, and he stepped out on to the floor.

A faint clicking sound reached his ears. He stood quite still. The clicking was repeated.

"There is someone downstairs in my study!" muttered Stuart.

He became aware that the fear which held him was such that, unless he acted, and acted swiftly, he should become incapable of action; but he remembered that, whereas the moonlight poured into the bedroom, the staircase would be in complete darkness. He walked barefooted across to the dressing-table and took up an electric torch which lay there. He had not used it for some time, and he pressed the button to learn if the torch was charged. A beam of white light shone out across the room, and at the same instant came another sound.

If it came from below or above, from the adjoining room or from outside in the road, Stuart knew not. But, following hard upon the mysterious disturbance which had aroused him, it seemed to pour ice into his veins—it added the complementary touch to his panic. For it was a kind of low wail—a ghostly minor wail in falling cadences—unlike any sound he had heard. It was so excessively horrible that it produced a curious effect.

Discovering from the dancing of the torch-ray that his hand was trembling, Stuart concluded that he had awakened from a nightmare, and that this fiendish wailing was no more than an unusually delayed aftermath of the imaginary horrors which had bathed him in cold perspiration.

He walked resolutely to the door, threw it open, and cast the beam of light on to the staircase. Softly he began to descend. Before the study door he paused. There was no sound. He threw open the door, directing the torch-ray into the room.

Cutting a white lane through the blackness, it shone fully upon his writing-table, which was a rather fine Jacobean piece having a sort of quaint bureau superstructure containing cabinets and drawers. He could detect nothing unusual in the appearance of the littered table. A tobacco-jar stood there, a pipe resting in the lid. Papers and books were scattered untidily, as he had left them, surrounding a tray full of pipe and cigarette ash. Then, suddenly, he saw something else.

One of the bureau drawers was half-opened.

Stuart stood quite still, staring at the table. There was no sound in the room. He crossed slowly, moving the light from right to left. His papers had been overhauled methodically. The drawers had been replaced, but he felt assured that all had been examined. The light-switch was immediately beside the outer door, and Stuart walked over to it and switched on both lamps. Turning, he surveyed the brilliantly illuminated room. Save for himself, it was empty.

He looked out into the hall-way again. There was no one there. No sound broke the stillness. But that consciousness of some near presence asserted itself persistently and uncannily.

"My nerves are out of order," he muttered. "No one has touched my papers. I must have left the drawer open myself."

He switched off the light and walked across to the door. He had actually passed out, intending to return to his room, when he became aware of a slight draught. He stopped.

Someone or something, evil and watchful, seemed to be very near again. Stuart turned and found himself gazing fearfully in the direction of the open study door. He became persuaded anew that someone was hiding there, and, snatching up an ash-stick which lay upon a chair in the hall, he returned to the door. One step into the room he took, and paused—palsied with a sudden fear which exceeded anything he had known.

A white casement curtain was drawn across the French windows . . . and outlined upon this moonbright screen he saw a tall figure. It was that of a *cowled man*!

Such an apparition would have been sufficiently alarming had the cowl been that of a monk, but the outline of this phantom being suggested that of one of the Misericordia brethren or the costume worn of old by the familiars of the Inquisition.

His heart leapt wildly, and seemed to grow still. He sought to cry out in his terror, but only emitted a dry, gasping sound.

The psychology of panic is obscure, and has been but imperfectly explored. The presence of the terrible cowled figure afforded confirmation of Stuart's theory that he was the victim of a species of waking nightmare. Even as he looked, the shadow of the cowled man moved—and was gone.

Stuart ran across the room, jerked open the curtains, and stared out across the moon-bathed lawn, its prospect terminated by high privet hedges. One of the French windows was wide open. There was no one on the lawn; there was no sound.

"Mrs. McGregor swears that I always forget to shut these windows at night!" he muttered.

He closed and bolted the window, stood for a moment looking out across the empty lawn, then turned and went out of the room.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE PIBROCH OF THE M'GREGORS.

DR. STUART awoke in the morning and tried to recall what had occurred during the night. He consulted his watch, and found the hour to be six a.m. No one was stirring in the house, and he rose and put on a bath-robe. He felt perfectly well, and could detect no symptoms of nervous disorder. Bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and he went out on to the landing, fastening the cord of his gown as he descended the stairs.

His study door was locked, with the key outside. He remembered having locked it. Opening it, he entered and looked about him. He was vaguely disappointed. Save for the untidy litter of papers upon the table, the study was as he had left it on retiring. If he could believe the evidence of his senses, nothing had been disturbed.

Not content with a casual inspection, he particularly examined those papers which, in his dream adventure, he had believed to have been submitted to mysterious inspection. They showed no signs of having been touched. The casement curtains were drawn across the recess formed by the French windows, and sunlight streamed in where, silhouetted against the pallid illumination of the moon, he had seen the man in the cowl. Drawing back the curtains, he examined the window fastenings. They were secure. If the window had really been open in the night, he must have left it so himself.

For the remainder of the Complete Novel, "The Golden Scorpion," buy the Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News," Ready Nov. 25.

#### CONTENTS OF THE

## Illustrated London News

### CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Ready November 25.

"THE GOLDEN SCORPION," A Complete Oriental Mystery Novel by Sax Rohmer, Author of the "Yellow Claw," "Dr. Fu-Manchu," "The Orchard of Tears," etc.

COLOURED PLATE: "A Rose for Remembrance."  
by Raphael Kirchner.

Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville, A. Forestier, S. Begg, J. R. Skelton, and C. M. Paddy.



# The Sketch

No. 1347.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



WAITING FOR YOUR CIGARETTE-CASE: MISS LILY ELSIE, WHO WANTS 10,000 FOR THE RED CROSS FUND.

Miss Lily Elsie is appealing for contributions to the gold and silver collection for the Red Cross. She has had the happy idea to suggest that those who possess gold or silver cigarette-cases should send them to her as offerings to the good cause. She wants to collect 10,000

cases, and she promises to acknowledge each one by a personal letter of thanks. Her autograph will doubtless be a great attraction, and we feel sure that she will not appeal in vain. The address to which patriotic smokers should send her their gifts is 39, Old Bond Street, W.

*Photograph by Reizman, Park*







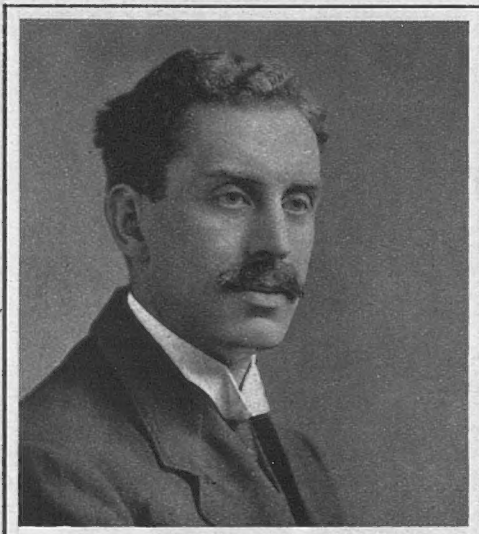
## GRAVE AND GAY: ROYAL AND OTHER PERSONALITIES.



"ONE OF THE YEOMAN PIONEERS OF THE EMPIRE'S GLORIOUS AIR SERVICE": THE FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN B. C. HUCKS, R.A.F., AT HIGHGATE CEMETERY.



THE OFFICIAL AMERICAN THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN LONDON FOR THE ARMISTICE: ADMIRAL SIMS AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.



AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS: PROFESSOR CHARLES G. BARKLA, OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.



STAMP ALL YOUR LETTERS WITH THIS: MR. JULIUS PRICE'S TRIBUTE TO NURSES.



AWARDED THE M.B.E.: MRS. VIOLETTE M. JACKSON, OF THE Y.M.C.A. ENQUIRY BUREAU, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



RECEIVING DONATIONS FOR THE MERCHANT SEAMEN'S GIFT WEEK: PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL (RIGHT) AT THE SILVER THIMBLE DEPOT.



FAMILIAR, BUT AFFECTIONATE: ONE OF THE MANY LOYAL GREETINGS TO THE KING DURING HIS DRIVE WITH THE QUEEN THROUGH THE EAST END ON NOVEMBER 13.

The funeral of Captain B. C. Hucks, the famous pioneer airman, who died of pneumonia following on influenza, took place with full military honours on Nov. 13 at Highgate Cemetery. The coffin, draped in the Union Jack, was borne on an R.A.F. military float covered with wreaths. Captain Hucks was the first English pilot to loop-the-loop and fly upside down, and made the first flight across the Bristol Channel. After serving in the R.F.C. at the Front he was invalided out and became

a test pilot.—Professor Charles G. Barkla, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University, has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics for 1917, for his discovery of characteristic Röntgen rays in elements.—The stamp in our central photograph was designed by Mr. Julius M. Price, the well-known artist, for the benefit of the Nation's Fund for Nurses at 32, North Audley Street. The price is a penny, and it is hoped that people will use it largely on letters and parcels.





### The Wonderful Week.

I do not know how I am to write anything at all this week. I feel *much* too excited! What a wonderful week it has been—surely the most wonderful in our history! Once upon a time I used to regret that I was not alive in the old, old days when we were at war with Napoleon. I used to picture the coaches driving along the main roads, the excited villagers drawn up in front of the ale-houses, and the shout of joy that would go up from every town and village, the firing of guns, and the merry ringing of church bells, when the glad news was announced that England had won the war. "Nothing like that will ever happen in my time," I used to think regretfully. But I was wrong. Something much bigger and much better has happened—something so big and so good that it seems impossible to realise it all. Of course, I knew the war was going to end some day, and



CHRISTMAS IS COMING.  
"Mistletoe is on sale in Brixton."  
Daily Paper.

I remember Mr. Lloyd George saying not very long ago that we were nearing the end of the tunnel. But the suddenness with which it has come bewilders me.

### The Sad Side.

There was a sad side to the rejoicings. I was made to realise this only a few minutes after the victory guns had ceased to growl. I had got into a 'bus at Chancery Lane. Just opposite me there was a woman dressed in black. Crowds were surging along the street waving flags and shouting. Girls were laughing, boys were cheering, and everybody seemed as happy as



A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR'S SON: MASTER JOHN BOUCICAULT CALTHROP, SON OF MR. DONALD CALTHROP.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

the day is long. But this woman, as she looked out upon these merry, cheering crowds, was crying bitterly. At Charing Cross she got out of the 'bus. Then the little conductress turned to me. "She lost her boy only last week," she said, and I noticed there were tears in her own eyes. For the remainder of that joyous day the sad, sorrowful face of that poor bereaved woman continued to haunt me.



GIVING THE GUNS INDIGESTION.

"During Sunderland's 'Feed the Guns' week a workman brought on a barrow one cwt. of pennies for investment."

### London Learns the Way to Cheer.

One couldn't be unhappy for long on such a day, however. The sound of the cheering that was going up on every side found an echo in my heart. How many years is it since we have heard such cheers? I had almost persuaded myself that Londoners had forgotten the way to cheer, for even the Lord Mayor's Show, if you remember, didn't provoke any great enthusiasm—good as it was. But these happy people were making up for four years of silence. In Whitehall the tumult was deafening. On a parapet outside the Admiralty

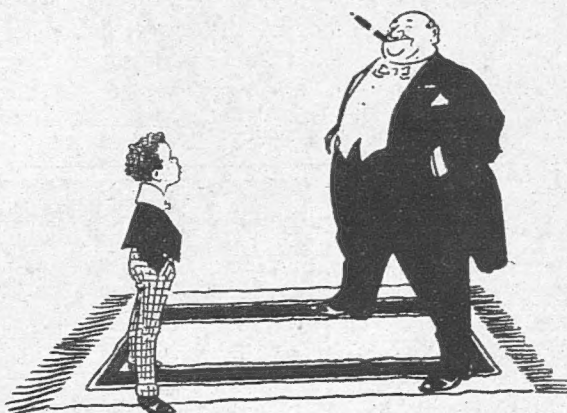
I saw Admiral Beatty—what a handsome fellow he is!—and Lord Beresford. They stood there acknowledging the tribute of the crowd, and I couldn't help thinking of the silent but effective work that our brave boys of the Navy have done during the last four years in guarding our seas and protecting us from invasion. At the corner of Parliament Street I jumped off the 'bus and crossed the road to Downing Street. Another large crowd had collected outside the Prime Minister's house, and they were all shouting themselves hoarse with jubilation and waving flags above their heads. Then I saw Mr. Lloyd George come to the window. I believe he made a little speech, but I couldn't hear a word he said. Anyhow, it seemed to please the people who *did* hear it, for their cheers became more deafening than ever. I couldn't help noticing, though, how the worry and anxiety of the last four years have told upon the Prime Minister. His hair has gone quite white.

### Unaccustomed Sights.

Later in the day I saw Mr. Lloyd George again. He was walking arm-in-arm with his old leader, Mr. Asquith, from the House of Commons to St. Margaret's, Westminster, where a special service of thanksgiving was held for the Members of Parliament. There were quite a lot of people who were unable to get into the service, and some of them waited in the rain outside in order to see the celebrities



"I AM THE (GERMAN) LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR":  
HERR F. EBERT.  
Photograph by C.N.

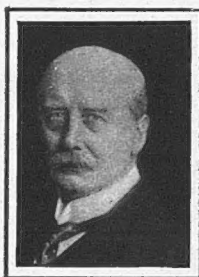


THE SHORTER CATECHISM, 1930.  
"What didn't you do in the Great War, Daddy?"

come out. Across the road I saw "Big Ben" with his face lighted up for the first time, I suppose, since the lighting regulations—only I think they ought to be called "darkening" regulations—came into force. I think that brought the peace home to me more vividly than anything else; and when, at a later hour of the evening, I saw the West-End theatres blazing with light—just as they used to be in the pre-war days—I began to wonder whether there really had been a war at all.

### Evening Celebrations.

In the evening I celebrated the occasion by dining with a small party of friends. The restaurant was crowded, and most of the people seemed to me much too excited to eat. But they cheered just as lustily as the people in the street outside, and when Mr. Thorpe Bates stood up and sang the National Anthem we all rose to our feet and waved our serviettes in the air. Then someone caught sight of George Robey, and everybody started clamouring for a speech. Mr. Robey, in his Volunteer's uniform, didn't look a bit like "Primitive Man." But he was as happy as the rest of us, and he jumped up on a chair and made a really touching little speech about the fighting boys who had made this great victory possible, and of the debt we owed to them. Then we all cheered again, and by the time we had finished, our dinners were more than a little cold.



A NEW VISCOUNT AND LORD OF APPEAL: SIR GEORGE CAVE, CHAIRMAN OF THE PRISONERS OF WAR COMMITTEE.  
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

After dinner I went on with my friends to the Empire. It was a first-class performance, but I think the people there were more interested in the glad tidings of the day than in "The Lilac Domino." They found it hard to restrain their enthusiasm, and when, after the play was over, Clara Butterworth came forward



SENDER OF AN S.O.S. CALL TO PRESIDENT WILSON: DR. SOLF, GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER.

On November 13 was published a wireless message from Dr. Solf requesting President Wilson to arrange an immediate preliminary peace, for fear of famine in Germany.

Photograph by C.N.





"I ADAPT WHAT I WANT": MR. MATHESON LANG UNMASKED AS PART-AUTHOR OF "THE PURPLE MASK."

It has transpired that Mr. Matheson Lang, here seen as the hero of "The Purple Mask," recently transferred to the Scala, is himself the adapter and part-author of the English version. He took the pen-name of Charles Latour as he wrote it on tour.

Photograph by Foulham and Banfield, Ltd.

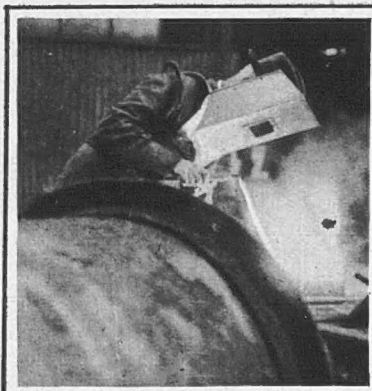
right up in the front of the cathedral, so that I was able to see everything. A most distinguished gathering had already assembled. The front pew seemed to be occupied by foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. M. Cambon, looking very French with his monocle and white pointed beard, sat at the extreme end. Next to him was the Marquis Imperiali; and not far away I noticed the Persian, Greek, Belgian, and Serbian Ministers, and Sir Derek Keppel. Sir Arthur Walsh,



THE NEW MASTER OF PEMBROKE, OXFORD: THE REV. F. H. DUDDEN, D.D., RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cathedral Canons—all of whom were wearing the most richly embroidered cloth-of-gold copes I have ever seen—and the choir. As the royal party passed in procession to the three praying-stools which had been reserved for them just in front of the chancel steps the choir sang that fine old hymn "Praise my soul the King of Heaven," and it thrilled me to hear all those thousands of people singing the lines, "In His hands He gently bears us, Rescues us from all our foes." They seemed so appropriate just then, and the tears were standing in the eyes of many of the people near me. The King, who was wearing his Field Marshal's uniform, looked



HOT WORK: AN ACETYLENE WELDER AT A SHIPYARD WEARING ONE OF THE NEW PROTECTIVE MASKS.

Official Photograph.

and tried to sing the National Anthem her voice was drowned by the great roar that went up on every side. Before we left the theatre we paid a visit to Mr. Howard Carr, the musical director, in his private room. Mr. Carr and his pretty Australian wife were entertaining a little party of friends, among them being Mr. Joseph Simpson, the well-known artist.

#### The St. Paul's Service.

You may imagine that I felt pretty tired the next morning. But I was up in time to attend the great Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, and I was very glad afterwards that I resisted the temptation to lie in bed for an extra hour or two. I was fortunate enough to get a seat



WAURIN' THE BREEKS.

"An Ormskirk soldier transferred to a Highland Regiment came home on leave in kilts. His wife had joined the Women's Land Army, and whilst he goes about in kilts she accompanies him in breeches."—*Daily Paper*.

the Master of the Ceremonies, was walking about the aisles seeing that everything went smoothly. The whole congregation—and there must have been some thousands of people present—rose to their feet when the Duke of Connaught entered with Princess Beatrice. A few minutes later the new Lord Mayor entered, wearing his robes of office. He was escorted to a seat inside the chancel. The Prime Minister was not present, but I caught sight of Mrs. Lloyd George.

#### The King's Arrival.

At ten minutes past twelve the King and Queen arrived, with Princess Mary. They were met at the west door by

the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Cathedral Canons—all of whom were wearing the most richly embroidered cloth-of-gold copes I have ever seen—and the choir. As the royal party passed in procession to the three praying-stools which had been reserved for them just in front of the chancel steps the choir sang that fine old hymn "Praise my soul the King of Heaven," and it thrilled me to hear all those thousands of people singing the lines, "In His hands He gently bears us, Rescues us from all our foes." They seemed so appropriate just then, and the tears were standing in the eyes of many of the people near me. The King, who was wearing his Field Marshal's uniform, looked proud, confident, and happy; and when the National Anthem came crashing out, the rattle of the kettle-drums blending with the pealing of the organ and the glad, triumphant singing of the congregation, it was easy to see he was profoundly moved. I thought that the Queen had never looked more charming in her life. She was wearing a dress of dark red velvet with a sable collar.

**Keeping It Up.** I wonder how long these celebrations are going to continue. Tuesday seemed in

some respects even a more joyous day than Monday. Indeed, Armistice Day—as I suppose we must call it—appears to have been merely a full dress rehearsal for the next day's performance. In the evening the streets were full of people, who must have started "mafficking" as early as six o'clock. The theatres were packed, and unless you had booked a seat earlier in the day you were hardly likely to obtain admission to any of them. (Oh, and, talking about theatres, I

must tell you of something that happened at the Comedy on Monday night. Some of the men in the audience were so excited that they actually climbed over the orchestra rails on to the stage and started dancing. The actors and actresses didn't mind a bit, I am told. They just enjoyed the fun.) But I

am writing about Tuesday night. Well, I was just coming back from the Apollo Theatre, where I had been enjoying pretty Winifred Barnes's singing in "Soldier Boy," when my ears were deafened by all the shouting and singing and stampeding and cheering that were going on. It was quite impossible for me to obtain a taxi, so that there was nothing for it but to walk. As I approached Trafalgar Square the crowds became denser, and then I saw something that made me catch my breath with surprise. Some people had actually torn up the wooden pavement, and were burning it in a big, blazing bonfire which lit up the whole of the Square. People were doing the most extraordinary things, and I saw one extremely pretty, well-dressed girl sitting on the back of one of the Nelson lions. And yet they say that the English are a cold and reserved people!

#### My Lyceum-Club Window-Cleaner.

A few mornings ago, not very far from Whitehall, I encountered an interesting-looking young woman attired in a pair of khaki-coloured trousers. I paused on my way to the Park and looked up at her, as she seemed to be bal-

anced with the utmost dexterity on the top of a long ladder and was busily cleaning the windows. When she came down, carrying her mop and pail with the airy grace that used to characterise the heroines of romance as they carried their clusters of rosebuds, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I interviewed her, inquired how she liked her profession, if she felt entirely at home in trousers. This young Chloe of the windows replied with what the late Miss Jane Austen might describe as great sensibility. "If we wore petticoats," she said, "we should be almost certain to break our necks." Then she went on to tell me that she was a writer in ordinary times, and that she would be pleased if I would lunch with her at the Lyceum Club!

THE WORLDLING.

#### GOOD BYE-EE-EE!

(With apologies to a famous photograph.)

The Hohenzollern line as it used to be: (left to right) the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and Princes Eitel Friedrich, Adalbert, August Wilhelm, Oscar, and Joachim.



THE FAUNA OF THE ANTIPODES.

"A number of Australian soldiers were in New York recently, and one woman was heard to remark to another: 'There goes one of those Australians!' 'How do you know?' asked the other. 'Why, you can tell by the kangaroo feathers in his hat!'"—*Evening News*.



THE LORD MAYOR AT THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S; SIR HORACE MARSHALL ON THE CATHEDRAL STEPS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.





## SMALL TALK



FOUR years of constant effort does not seem to have affected the charitable enthusiasm of women who have learnt to be organisers. But the armistice has turned their thoughts in a new direction. The Victory Ball on Nov. 27 is not likely to lack patrons with the Nation's Fund for Nurses as an object; and Mrs. Edward Hulton, who has more than one "success" to her credit, stands to add another to the list. It is not surprising to find Adeline Duchess of Bedford and her Grace of Marlborough amongst the wearers of strawberry-leaves pledged to support the affair. The worst of having a philanthropic reputation is that it takes more living up to than any other. It is only fair to the Duchesses to add that they always come up to expectations.



ENGAGED: MISS GWEN-DOLINE R. DAVIS.

Miss Gwendoline Davis, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Commander Claude Preston Hermon-Hodge, son of Sir Robert and Lady Hermon-Hodge, of Wyfold Court, Oxon, is announced, is the younger daughter of Mr. J. Goulding Davis, Public Works Department, and Mrs. Davis, of Bahawalpur, India.

Photograph by Lafayette.

his death. Their vigour and common-sense testified to the strength of his faculties, though he had passed the allotted span by fourteen years.

### The Kaiser of Commerce.

Whatever its cause, there was dramatic fitness in the death of Ballin, the German shipping magnate, simultaneously with the news of the Kaiser's fall. For Ballin was the commercial Kaiser of Germany, and stood for all that feverish expansion of German enterprise which was very largely the cause of the war. He was a remarkable man, and a supreme example of the power of his race to manage great enterprises. Though his relations with the Kaiser were clouded during the last two years, the pair were once on extremely good terms. William II. had the family keenness for business—the founder of the line was a money-lender, and the instinct of usury has never left the Hohenzollerns—and Ballin could put him on to many good things in the investment way. It may be remembered that this man laboured very hard to keep Great Britain neutral, and his activities were the subject of



MARRIED TO LIEUT.-COLONEL R. SPARROW, NOV. 16: MRS. CECILY HEYWORTH.

Mrs. Cecily Mabel Heyworth is the widow of Captain H. P. L. Heyworth, North Staffordshire Regiment, and second daughter of Major B. C. Garfit, of Dalby Hall, Lincolnshire.

Photograph by Swaine.

### Tragic Close of an Active Life.

The tragic death of Mr. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy has caused special regret throughout South-Eastern England. The third son of the first Earl of Cranbrook, he was one of the two Conservative Members for Canterbury before the great Reform Act, and afterwards sat for the East Grinstead Division of Sussex. Apart from the official positions he occupied, his life was a very busy one; but he found time to be a great devotee of sport, on which he wrote several interesting volumes. Another link with the past is broken by the death of Lord Ebury. He was an active politician as long as half-a-century ago, and, like the late Earl of Wemyss, wrote letters to the papers up to quite a short time before



ENGAGED: MISS MARSLIE WOOD.

Miss Wood, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Truman, D.S.O., Lancers, is announced, is the youngest daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Wood, of Rockmount, Bournemouth, and Gwernyfed Park, Breconshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. RONALD B. BECKETT: MISS NORAH ANDERSON.

Miss Norah Ford Anderson, whose engagement to Mr. Ronald Brymer Beckett, I.C.S., has been announced, is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ford Anderson, of 41, Belsize Park, N.W.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

a debate in the House of Lords, in the course of which one of our statesmen expressed his difficulty in believing that this eminent man could be capable of a lie. The difficulty was certainly not shared by others with a more profound acquaintance with Ballin's methods.

### "And a Good Judge, Too."

It is no surprise that Sir George Cave has accepted the vacant Lordship of Appeal. All his inclinations lay in that direction, though there was no reason, despite the criticism which has latterly centred round his name, why he should not have continued in active politics. But, like many men who have found the path of success easy, he is rather sensitive, and, no doubt, has not enjoyed his last few months of office. He is likely to make an excellent Judge; and, with his handsome and pleasant face, will be an extremely decorative Viscount.

### Important without Prominence.

The adoption of Mr. William Sutherland as Liberal candidate for Argyllshire brings into the open a war character of whom little has been heard, but who has played a not unimportant part in the drama of the last two years. Mr. Sutherland, as private secretary to the Prime Minister, has been the principal intermediary between his chief and the outside world, and the diaries published thirty years hence will probably have much to say concerning him in that rôle. Few people know more of the inner history of the war and of domestic politics during the most critical period of the great struggle, and nobody is less likely to say anything of what he knows. Perhaps, as politician, Mr. Sutherland will develop another side of his character; so far, he has the reputation of being of all men the most inscrutable.

### Big Money.

The books that now fetch fancy prices in the sale-room generally cost little enough to produce; but this is the day of great reversals, and a book is on the way that is to cost some £300,000 to produce. This is a mammoth guide to all the sources of supply for goods made in the United Kingdom. Such a work might be supposed to be beyond the possibilities of a private venture. But manufacturers and merchants have come together; and two men, whose names stand for ingenuity and pluck, are with them—Lord Desborough and Sir Wilfrid Stokes. Sir Wilfrid, though a civilian of peaceable life, invented the Stokes gun; and the man who breasted Niagara, when he faces a publisher, fears nothing. It strikes a note of encouragement, even of optimism, to find so exceptionally costly a work in course of preparation.



ENGAGED: MISS JESSIE EUNICE EVERITT.

Miss Jessie Everitt, whose engagement to Captain C. H. M. Willson, King's Liverpool Regiment and R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. A. Willson, of Waterloo, Lancs., is announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Everitt, of New Brighton, Cheshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED TO MRS. CECILY MABEL HEYWORTH: LIEUT.-COLONEL R. SPARROW.

Lieut.-Col. R. Sparrow, C.M.G., D.S.O., Dragoon Guards, is the youngest son of the late Mr. Basil Sparrow, of Gosfield Place, Essex. His marriage to Mrs. Heyworth took place on Nov. 16.

Photograph by Swaine.



## A WEDDING AT THE ORATORY: DUGUID-McCOMBIE—PETERSEN.



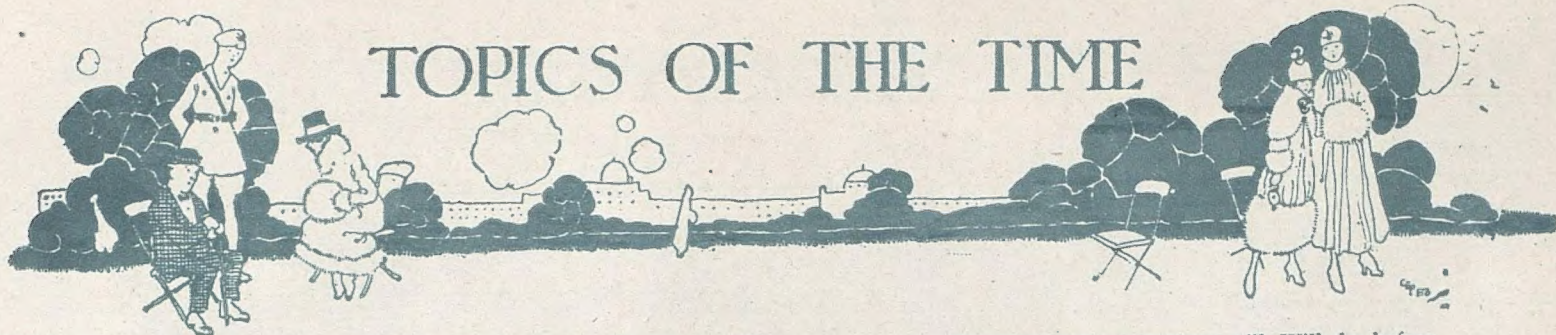
*A Wedding Group: Lady Doreen Browne; The Bride; The Bridegroom; The Hon. Lettice Digby.*

The recent wedding of Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Duguid McCombie, Royal Scots Greys, of Easter Skene and Lynturk, Aberdeenshire, to Miss Flora Petersen, youngest daughter of Mr. William Petersen, and the late Mrs. William Petersen, of 80, Portland Place, and Eigg, Inverness-shire, drew a large congregation to the Oratory, Brompton, although the wedding was a very quiet one, owing to mourning in the family of the bride, who was given away by her father. There were two

bridesmaids—Lady Doreen Browne and the Hon. Lettice Digby, who wore pale heliotrope chiffon; and there was a little page, Master Peter Douglas Reynolds, son of the late Major Douglas Reynolds, V.C.; and Captain Eric Bonham, Scots Greys, was best man. The bride wore white panne, with a long tulle veil which formed a train, and a wreath of orange-blossoms. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, whose engagements prevented their presence at the Oratory, sent a wedding gift to the bride.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*





YOU and I are freezing on to our brains, nevertheless! We are excited, of course. Who wouldn't be? But our maffick is a maffick of thanksgiving to Providence, and of loving gratitude to the soldiers—dead and living—who have done this stupendous thing for us. God bless them every one!

Dreamily speculating in an issue of *The Sketch* published last January—and on this very page, unless I am mistaken—a poet of no particular importance (cries of "No" and "Withdraw") tried the following lines upon his regular customers—

I wonder who will know it first, the Winter or the Spring, the Summer or the Autumn, when the bells begin to ring—the Peace bells that shall tell us that the Battle has been won? I wonder if the Moon will hear the news before the Sun?

I wonder if the Primrose will be first to hear the sound? The ground whereon it glitters shall be consecrated ground! Or will the Rose be list'ning when the word sings through the air? All Roses then for ever shall be holy everywhere!

I wonder if the Brambles will be first to hear and know? Then Bramble shall for ever be the Myrtle of the snow, and eyes aflame with gratitude shall fancy that they see the flower growing there of Love and Immortality!

Well, it has turned out to be the Brambles. But the Primroses are going to hear all about it when the Spring comes; and the matter won't be ancient history on the arrival of the Roses!

Having our heads for thinking, and our hearts for other purposes, you and I refuse to burst into tears over the news from Germany that the Kaiser has had sixty of his castles turned into hospitals for his wounded soldiers. Knowing that it is not our way to bomb hospitals, he has done this simply to save them from becoming castles in the air-raid!

No shining saint is he who owns a hundred castles more or less, and sixty lends to nurse the bones of soldiers maimed and in distress. Of forty still, or maybe more, this dreadful person is the boss. And so, as I have said before (or hinted) it is *not much Schloss*!



BRITISH NAVAL REPRESENTATIVE AT THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE: SIR ROSSLYN WEMYSS BACK IN LONDON.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

While all the world wondered at the great armistice delay, I had the explanation of it in my possession all the time. The German for armistice is *Waffenstillstand*. Don't worry about the *Waffen*. It's the standstill I'm driving at.

Pompous and unrepentant still, Wilhelm before the Justice stood. "Why am I here?" asked Wicked Will. "Why should I make the havoc good? *Hin ist hin!* There is nothing in weeping for deeds of warfare done!" "Yes!" thundered Justice. "*Hin ist hin!*"—fixing the cap—"and *Hun ist Hun!*"

An otherwise bright "interview" with a popular theatrical costumier took on rather a sad patch when the interviewed said: "We are making a few pantomime elephants, too—a job which



MACHINE-GUN GUARDS FURNISH THE KING'S GUARD FOR THE FIRST TIME: READY TO MARCH TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Photograph by S. and G.

requires a good deal of care, for the legs are generally played by old tragedians, and they are very particular."

A feeble voice, a treble shake, came muffled from the stage, "'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!' But cage and prison both are mine, and dreams of freedom vain, for I'm a star that used to shine, but cannot shine again!" The Hindmost Legs it was that spoke, who once wore Hamlet's sable cloak!

The Forelegs ceased his shuffling walk an instant to declare, "*My Lear and Hamlet were the talk of Weston-Super-Mare! I thrilled the Wigan Hippodrome as well until it shook! I've got the notices at home, all pasted in a book!*" And then I heard the Forelegs sigh, and Hindlegs answer, "*So did I!*"

The Forelegs spoke again behind the canvas and the glue. His tone was patient, brave, and kind: "Our fate is nothing new! Away with thoughts of better years—of Weston Hamlets, Wigan Lears—and manhood's golden time! We'll play no tragedy of tears in children's pantomime!" And lo, the Hindlegs and the Fore came forth to make the children roar!

"Battalions of huge chrysanthemums" begins a newspaper report of a flower-show. I like it. It is one of the cheeriest of the many cheery signs of the times. It shows that at least one of our war-correspondents has been recalled for ordinary Press-work.

When Philip Gibbs is back in town upon his old descriptive stunts, prepare to find him writing down the language of the various fronts. He'll note of some impression queer, the puzzle of a picture show, "I'm waiting for the smoke to clear; the visibility is low." Or in its smudginess detect "a clever camouflage effect."

A. B. M.



BY LORD CARNARVON: A STUDY OF BEAUTY.



"APPREHENSION": MISS FRANCES TORRENS, OF HIS MAJESTY'S.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the Earl of Carnarvon is an amateur photographer of very exceptional gifts and skill—a number of

examples of his work with the camera have been published in "The Sketch." His Lordship is the fifth holder of the title, which dates from 1793.





THE venerable Empress Eugénie has lived to see a second Sedan, and therefore to learn the lesson that the pulses of a woman of ninety can, after all, be set beating fast and faster by a bit of public intelligence. "I shall go down to posterity as a fashion-plate." That was a complaint the Empress once made to an English friend, having in retrospect the many drawings of herself issued whenever a new fashion was to be popularised. "Thou dost to rich attire a grace To let it deck itself with thee," the English poet tells his adored lady; and the Empress of the French invested even the crinoline with some of her own grace.

A Farnborough  
Note-Book.

That was half-a-century ago, before the great defeat at Sedan which cost the Emperor his throne, and which French arms have now associated with their own victory and a German retreat. The Empress has already put down on paper many of her vivid recollections of events, but these cannot be published till some rather distantly future date. (N.B.—No publishers need apply.) She will there figure for posterity, on her own showing, as a personage who helped, in an epoch-making period, to mould serious European history. So she can afford to jest a little, at her own expense, about those unforgotten fashion-plates.

#### Brother and Sister.

The great wish of the Empress Eugénie is to see again her favourite god-daughter, the Queen of Spain. That wish is warmly reciprocated. But, for various reasons, it has been thought inexpedient for Queen Ena to come to England during the war. Last month she kept her birthday—she is only thirty-one—and the blank made by the absence of her English relatives was particularly noticeable. Some expression of this in the Queen of Spain's letters decided her brother, the Marquess of Carisbrooke,



A PEERESS, WITH HER CHILDREN:  
LADY DUNBOYNE.

Lady Dunboyne is the wife of the 17th Baron Dunboyne, and is seen with her children, the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Doreen Butler. Before her marriage to Captain Lord Dunboyne, in 1915, Lady Dunboyne was Miss Dora Isolde Butler Tower, daughter of Mr. Francis FitzPatrick Tower.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

to pay her a visit. The King of Spain's friendship for the cause of the Allies is sufficiently well known. He had a love for England from childhood which stood the perhaps severe test of his having for his tutor an Englishman. English is the favourite language of his fireside, and he sings an English song to perfection. The brothers-in-law are the best of friends; and Lord Carisbrooke delights to recall that his sister, when once in pensive mood as a little girl she was asked what she was doing, replied, "Building castles in Spain." She did not dream how truthfully she was foretelling.

#### Stops and Telegrams.

Telegrams are carefully punctuated—colon, semi-colon, comma, and full-stop—only in novels. Even so acute an observer as Mr. Compton Mackenzie falls into this trap; and Sylvia Scarlett, whose blushes are confined to her name, receives a wire in which the stops are those of an ordinary letter, and were never paid for at the post-office as written-out words. A novel might, indeed, be written on the misunderstandings sometimes arising from the absence of punctuation. In one famous case in real life a man, far afield, saw in a belated English newspaper the announcement of the death of a man whose wife was a woman he had himself sought to marry. He wrote and offered to return to England at once if she wired him a word of encouragement. She wired four words: "Don't come too late." He hastened home across continents, but only to find

the lady already pledged to another husband. His reproaches were met by the indignant explanation: "I told you not to come. I wired, 'Don't come: Too late.'" The colon and the capital were not transmitted.

#### "Flu Permitting."

"Leave permitting" is a familiar legend with engaged couples announcing the date of their wedding. But "Leave permitting" has been lately superseded by "Flu permitting." And flu has not permitted in quite a number of cases, the Baroness de Rutzen's among the rest. Better luck to Lady Avice Sackville, whose engagement to Major Stuart Menzies, of the Life Guards, is announced. Lady Avice is two or three years older than her brother, Lord de la Warr, and she has some of the charm of her very attractive father, who died while on duty in the earlier days of the war. As the present Peer is not yet nineteen, it is unlikely that there will be another early Lady de la Warr to add nominal confusion to the three ladies already bearing that title, each one rather specially distinguished in her own charming way.



A RECENT BRIDE: MRS. DEREK  
RICHARDSON.

Before her marriage, which has recently taken place, Mrs. Derek Richardson was Miss Irene Pilling, and well known as an assiduous war-worker. Captain Derek Richardson, M.C., is in the 12th Lancers.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

#### Marking and Learning.

Sir Mark Sykes has gone to Syria—not, as of old, as a private traveller, but as an agent of the Government. He knows his ground; and his great interest in the Jewish settlement in Palestine has brought him into touch, even before he left England, with many an Israelite in whom there is no guile. Though he knows so much, he has now and again had his ears tickled with novelties. That was the case when a Syrian Jew, full of fervour for a return to Jerusalem, exclaimed: "As you know, I am the descendant of the nephew of Noah!" It happened to be one of the few things Sir Mark did not know. Sir Mark would not claim omniscience.



A PRIVY COUNCILLOR, WITH HIS FAMILY: SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN.

The Right Hon. Sir Maurice William Ernest de Bunsen, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.B., C.V.O., is the son of the late Mr. Ernest de Bunsen, of Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877, and has held many important positions and has acted as an Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office since 1915. He married, in 1899, Miss Berta Mary Lowey-Corry, daughter of the late Mr. Armar Henry Lowry-Corry, and has four daughters—the Misses Hilda, Cicely, Rosalind, and Mary Berta de Bunsen.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



## A TRIPTYCH: NEW PORTRAITS OF WELL-KNOWN LADIES.



1. A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE: MRS. GEORGE EARLE.

2. WIFE OF A POPULAR OFFICER: MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN.

3. SISTER OF A WELL-KNOWN DUCHESS: LADY BETTY BUTLER

Mrs. George Earle, of whom we give a new and very charming portrait, is a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, who was a cousin of Queen Victoria, and Head of the British Army. —The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, whose husband was in the 9th Lancers, and has also served in a Guards' Division, was, before her marriage, Miss

Florence Davis, daughter of Mr. John H. Davis, of Washington Square, New York. —Lady Betty Butler, whose full name is Lady Moyra Elizabeth Butler, is the younger daughter of the Countess of Lanesborough, and sister of the Duchess of Sutherland. Lady Betty Butler was born in 1899, and is very popular in Society.—[Photographs by E. O. Hoppé.]



# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

**P**ATHETIC *embarras* of West End shop-keepers faced with the baffling prospect of the next shopping season. (I beg your pardon, Callisthenes, old son. Should I have said Merchant Houses or Distributing Organisations? I was always intolerably hazy about political economy, and quite a lot of them really look quite like shops.) Anyway, they must be having a singularly wearing time, faced as they find themselves with an Xmas that is more of an *x* mas than ever, *x* being the unknown quantity. Is it to be trench boots and tickers with iridescent faces, or silk pyjamas and trouser-presses? Do Armies of Occupation wear tin hats, and is it possible to convert a heavy stock of pith helmets into a really serviceable line of flower-pots?

Really, being established by Special Appointment in Jermyn Street must be worse than having to edit a German comic paper in these days. Life in Bond Street must be a long and painful alternation of reading the paper, dressing the window accordingly; reading another paper, undressing the window (*oh, fie!*) on the strength of it; having a word with a Really Reliable Man who saw Lord Milner wearing that funny little hat that always means Something, and dressing the poor thing again until it positively feels like the heroine of something fluffy at the Criterion with three dresses and a bedroom scene in it. First Ferdie knocked the bottom out of the market for golf-clubs, fire-extinguishers, and other Balkan comforts. Then the Turk executed a damaging bear-raid (his only successful operation since the war began) on the sun-hat and thin underclothing position. And now it drops under us entirely, and we are getting quite used to having no war news at all. So what do they want to give for presents this year? We can't all hire

pantehnicons and send round a copy of "Joan and Peter," can we?

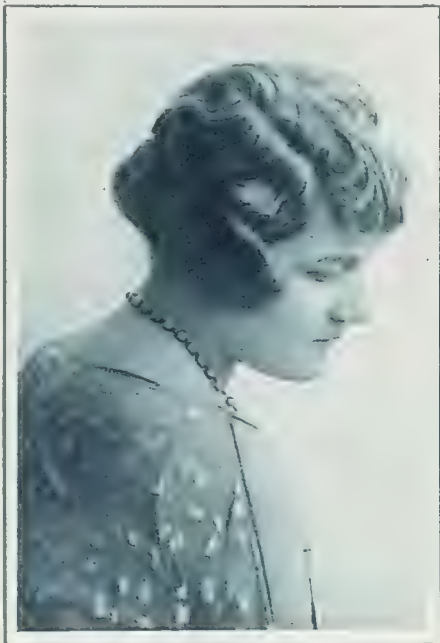
Heavy work on hand for Sir Stephenson Kent and his merry men in the Demobilisation and Civil Employment line. We shall soon see the official conjurers wander up to a filling factory, do four passes, and—sit down in front there, please—it will begin turning out bicycles, chemical manure, and other forms of ploughshares. But nobody seems to have thought about the really serious side of the problem. A word to the War Cabinet: Who is to be the new Director of Social Demobilisation? Disbanding armies, sacking

Controllers (O.B.E. quiet, can't you?), getting the street-lamps out of their war-paint, and scraping the pearl-powder off the corners of corridors in the Admiralty will be simple jobs compared with the Reconstruction of Society. Why not have a Ministress of it, now that Bob Cecil's Emancipation Bill is through? Expect we shall live to see the Drogheda car—that used to be such a feature of the F.O. side-door—waiting among the policewomen in Palace Yard for the Right Honourable Lady to finish answering questions in the House before going on somewhere really serious to tea.

Seriously, though, it *will* take some doing. We mustn't just cry "Havoc" and let loose the war-workers. There must be a Policy. We must proceed, as legal gentlemen always say, by Steps. Mount Street mustn't be flooded with *chauffeuses*, kitchen-maids, and filing clerks all in a minute, must it? And won't it be sad for some of the poor dears when they lose their official *raison d'être*—especially those *very* confidential ones in the Admiralty who *simply* mustn't say a word, my dear, or the bottom would drop out of the Grand Fleet? When Sir Albert Stanley gets back from the Board of Trade to the Underground he will have to put a special staff of "chuckers-in" on the platform at St. James's Park Station to stop ex-official young women from making a dash at Tothill Street from sheer force of habit. And there will have to be firm action taken by some strong central authority, or we shall have at least three dear ladies (wouldn't mention

names for worlds) getting up war matinées long after the Peace of Somewhere has got into the history books.

Princesses Beatrice and Mary very bright at a concert the other week, the former not seeming to mind the lurid slices of pathology that Our Special Correspondent has been ladling out from Madrid lately. But young Queen Victoria is blessed with a better constitution than her adopted country; and Alfonso seems to keep sprightly through a long succession of local crises and the last echoes of Armageddon rumbling across the Pyrenees. So perhaps Princess Beatrice knows best, after all. She should, at all events.



A RECENT BRIDE: MRS. R. MORRISON.

Mrs. Morrison, who, as Miss B. Beresford, was married recently to the only son of the late Colonel Morrison, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, of Rowdens, Teignmouth, is a cousin of Lord Beresford, and grand-daughter of the late Colonel Marcus Beresford, M.P.

Photograph by Rila Martin.



TO BE MARRIED IN DECEMBER: MISS VIOLET BIRKIN.

Miss Violet Birkin is the second daughter of Colonel C. W. Birkin, C.M.G., of Lamcote, Radcliffe-on-Trent, and is to be married in December to Mr. Douglas Holden Blew-Jones, Household Cavalry, eldest son of the late Mr. W. B. Blew-Jones.—[Photograph by Rila Martin.]



WIFE OF AN OFFICER IN THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS: MRS. ROBIN CHRYSTAL.

Mrs. Chrystal is the wife of Major Robin Chrystal, of Auchendennan, Loch Lomond. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Duncan Mackenzie, of Perth, Australia.

Photograph by Rila Martin.



"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM."



"OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS": MRS. VERNON CASTLE, THE FAMOUS DANCER.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, though an American by birth, feels at home also in England as the native land of her late husband of gallant memory, who lost his life in a flying accident on war duty, after sacrificing a prosperous career to return and serve his country. She has been over here on a visit for some time, and while not at present appearing

professionally, she has been seen a good deal at war-charity entertainments. Besides her great reputation in dancing, and on the films, she is regarded by members of her own sex as a "glass of fashion," her dresses being always the last word in taste and modernity. This very feminine taste only adds to her charm.—[Photograph by Ira L. Hill, New York.]



## DELEGATES FROM MUSICAL FARCE AND COMEDY AN



1. PLAYING CORA MERVILLE IN "THE OFFICERS' MESS," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: MISS ODETTE MYRTIL.

2. A CHARMING MEMBER OF THE GAIETY COMPANY IN "GOING UP": MISS KITTY SEXTON.

3. AS JOY CHATTERTON BOY," AT THE BRIERCLIFFE.

Miss Odette Myrtil is playing a leading part in the new musical farce at the St. Martin's Theatre, "The Officers' Mess," as an actress who has lost her jewels. The best of several taking songs assigned to her is a musical parody of Tchaikovsky.—Miss Kitty Sexton is a member of the company which has made such a success of "Going Up!" at the Gaiety.—Miss Nellie Briercliffe, formerly well known in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, is now playing the flapper part, Joy Chatterton, in "The Boy," now in its second year at the Adelphi.—Miss Maisie Gay, as Amy Lee, adds to the humorous element



# ND REVUE: A BEVY OF LONDON STAGE FAVOURITES.



THE FLAPPER, IN "THE  
ADELPHI: MISS NELLIE

4. APPEARING AS AMY LEE IN "SOLDIER BOY,"  
AT THE APOLLO THEATRE: MISS MAISIE  
GAY.

5. LEADING LADY IN "AS YOU WERE!" THE  
FANTASTIC REVUE AT THE LONDON  
PAVILION: MISS ALICE DELYSIA.

in "Soldier Boy," at the Apollo. She has some good songs, especially a military one with a stirring chorus, called "March Along."—Miss Alice Delysia, as the wife of Sir Billion Boost, is the moving spirit of the London Pavilion's "fantastic" revue, "As You Were." She appears with equal success in a variety of characters in history and imaginary history, including Helen of Troy, Ninon de L'Enclos, and a lady of a mediaeval "Hunzollern" Court.—[Photographs by Claude Harris, Rita Martin, Bertram Park, and Hugh Cecil.]



THE DISTAFF SIDE : WELL-KNOWN LADIES IN SOCIETY,



1. THE AMERICAN WIFE OF AN ENGLISH PEER : LADY HUNTINGFIELD.  
5. A V.A.D. WORKER : THE HON. MRS. WELLESLEY SOMERSET.

2. WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED COMMANDER IN THE R.N. : MRS. MAXWELL SCOTT.  
6. WITH SONS IN THE ARMY : MRS. ARTHUR FORSTER.

Lady Huntingfield, wife of Captain Lord Huntingfield, fifth Baron, was, before her marriage, Miss Eleanor Crosby, daughter of the late Judge Ernest Crosby, of New York. She has two little daughters and a son, the Hon. Gerard C. A. Vanneck, born in 1915. Mrs. Maxwell Scott is the wife of Commander Malcolm Maxwell Scott, D.S.O., R.N., and was Miss Fearga O'Connor, daughter of the late Sir Nicholas O'Connor, and Lady O'Connor. Mrs. Arthur Forster was, before her recent marriage to Mr. Pennoyer, of the American Embassy, Viscountess Ingestre, whose husband was killed in the war, and was the eldest son of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

Photograph No. 1, by Elliott and Fry; Nos. 2 and 3, by E. O. Hoppe; No. 4, by Park; No. 5,



# AND NEW PORTRAITS OF WORKERS FOR THE WAR.



3. FORMERLY VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE :  
MRS. PENNOYER.

4. WORKING AT A PARIS RED CROSS HOSPITAL : THE HON  
MRS. WALTER TREFUSIS.

7. MOTHER OF A LITTLE DAUGHTER : MRS. IAN ORR-EWING.

8. DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN M.P. : MISS D. RAWSON.

The Hon. Mrs. Walter Trefusis, wife of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Walter Trefusis, is working in an American Red Cross Hospital, in Paris.—The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley Somerset, whose husband, Captain the Hon. Wellesley Somerset, is serving with the Welsh Regiment, is a busy V.A.D. worker.—Mrs. Arthur Forster is the Irish wife of Mr. Arthur Forster, of Rumwood Court, near Maidstone, and daughter of the late Captain Bloomfield, of Castle Caldwell.—Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing is the wife of Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing, Scots Guards, the eldest son of the late Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, M.P.—Miss D. Rawson is the sister of Lady Leconfield, and youngest daughter of Colonel Rawson, M.P.

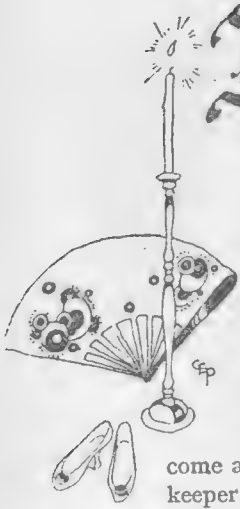
Yvonne; No. 6, by Arbuthnot; No. 7, by Hugh Cecil; and No. 8, by Swaine.





## THE HAUNTED FLAT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



**D**O you like ghosts? If not, you are sadly out of fashion. The best hostesses in town are giving *séances* as they once gave bridge parties. Sometimes, of course, ghosts do not turn up; but then, even we grosser guests do that too—and, to tell you the truth, I wonder that anyone out of the body (who is not out of his mind as well) should ever come back to London in mid-winter, when the loveliest, warmest climate is just as easy and cheap for him to fly to! Shall I tell you what happened to the last private *séance* I went to? It took place in a haunted flat where in pre-war months a gay dog-about-town had ended his dissipated days. But there is something in the flat which still attracts him—perhaps some hidden I.O.U. which he would like his friends to settle for him! He has become again such an habitué of his once domicile that the housekeeper of the present occupier is on terms of amiable familiarity with him and calls him "Jimmy" (the ghost, not her employer!). When some cataclysm happens among the crockery, you may be sure that it is due to "Jimmy" bursting into the dining-room when the table was being laid; or, if the bedroom has not been dusted according to time, "Jimmy was so entertaining this morning." In fact, it is not unusual to hear the housekeeper announce casually to the successor of the ghost, "Jimmy never came at all to-day, Sir," in the same tone as she might say, "Your Uncle Algernon did not call."

It was to meet "Jimmy" that we had been invited to that *séance*. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was to be present, also the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy, both ladies being very keen spiritualists; and a professional medium was expected. Unfortunately, none of those gifted people did come—owing, probably, to the vilest weather that even November can provide—so it was left to us the amateurs to try and invoke Jimmy to come and explain what he wanted us to do for the rest of his spirit. We sat, half-a-dozen of us, around a

finger, we waited for the glass to move towards the letter and spell a message. So it did, several messages; but they all, somehow, did not seem to come from "Jimmy." There was among the expectant sitters one very sweet girl in a blue dress, and to her the glass seemed to convey flattering and amorous remarks always signed Jack. It was probably a coincidence that one of the "yous" present was called Jack, but he was very much alive (and kicking under the gramophone). We all became very disappointed. I suggested a little meditation. So the lights were extinguished, we all closed our eyes, and in this receptive and auspicious mood we waited. Now and then the women gave pleasant little shrieks. I do not know how long we waited, for I—and not only I—fell asleep. Suddenly a thrill passed through our circle. We woke up. There was—yes, there was a decided sound of footsteps in the hall below, then the steps began to ascend the stairs. We looked at one another in the faint glow of the fire. "Is everybody in the room?" asked the host. Yes, we all were. The housekeeper was in bed; and no one else was, or should have been, in the house. One woman said, "I'm afraid," and hid her head on the nearest shoulder—above the "pips." The steps still ascended. There are three flights of steps before reaching the flat. I never heard a ghost (or anyone, for the matter of that) walking in such a determined and heavy way. If it were "Jimmy," he must have been a man of enormous proportions and weight. The steps stopped outside the drawing-room door. A shiver shook the bravest of us. Our host rose resolutely; he switched on the lights, and asked loudly as he opened the door, "Jimmy, is it you?"

"Yes, Sir," said an elephantine policeman, standing on the threshold; "but how d'you know my name? Your front door was wide open, Sir, at three in the morning, so I thought I'd come up and tell you."

Curious how policemen can smell whisky (or whatever drink is going) through wall and roofs, and even up three flights of stairs!

A "you" in the Isle of Man tells me that it is, in some ways, an Island of Enchantment in war time. There are no coupons, and (oh, dreams of avarice!) pre-war whisky flows unstintedly. The shops certainly close at six o'clock and the lighting is reduced; but, nevertheless, it is a real haven of refuge far from the troubles of war.

Sir Hall Caine is staying at Greeba Castle, and is very busy doing important propaganda work for the Government. Lady Ivy Somerset, the tall and charming daughter of the Governor, Lord Raglan, is staying at present in Government House with her brother, Captain Somerset. All of Lord Raglan's sons have seen service in the war. Lady Raglan is devoting herself to charity, and recently organised an "Our Day" on the island.

The members of the Poets' Club and their friends enjoyed a thrilling and unusual entertainment at the Café Monico the other evening, when Mr. Gonnoske Komai, author of "Dreams from China and Japan," gave a quaint and poetical lecture on "Japan as Revealed in Nature, Poetry, and Art." This was followed by a dramatic demonstration of sword-dancing by Mr. Koizumi, to the accompaniment of a war-poem half-sung and half-recited. The Scots "you" with whom I was told me that in Scotland they have something very similar, danced in kilt instead of the kimono.



"The vilest weather."



"An enchanted island."

gramophone (not through levity—it was the only polished surface we could find). On the lid we placed all the letters of the alphabet in a circle; then, delicately touching the edge of a glass with one



## WHERE THE SUN SHINES ALL THE YEAR: A NAIAD.



IN BATHING ATTIRE ON THE SUNNY SHORES OF THE PACIFIC IN CALIFORNIA: AN AMERICAN ACTRESS,  
MISS MYRTLE LIND.

At this time of year the sight of a bathing-dress in our northern clime is apt to make one shiver. But it is otherwise by the sunny shores of the Pacific on the coast of California, where the sun is guaranteed to shine every year, as Mr. Leslie Henson might say, for "three hundred

and sixty-five days." The fair bather shown in our photograph is Miss Myrtle Lind, a popular actress of the Mack Sennett Comedies, who has lately been disporting herself in that favoured land where it is "always afternoon," and sunshine.—[Photograph by Stagg, New York.]





## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



WE have fallen into a bad habit of not rewarding our authors until they are dead. By going to his office regularly and doing the work he is paid to do, a Government clerk may acquire an O.B.E. at the end of two or three years; but he might write brilliant fiction for the whole of a long life, and nobody would think of presenting him with so much as a marble clock. Perhaps they manage these things better in America. Anyhow, I am glad that an American, William Lyon Phelps, has written a monograph on the works and career of Archibald Marshall. The author of

Which does not suggest that the pathos of this incident altogether unmanned him, unless you assume that Mr. Street is a Scotsman, and that the Rev. Mr. Willings was right when he said, "The Scotch, Mrs. Twymley, express their emotions differently from us. With them, tears signify a rollicking mood; while merriment denotes that they are plunged in gloom." If you are not acquainted with Mr. Willings you ought to be. You will find him in that exquisitely whimsical, humorous-pathetic little play of Barrie's, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," which is included in his new book, "Echoes of the War," and it is as good to read as it was to go and see. So are the other three playlets that are bound up with it. If anything, better—for Sir James has added introductory character-sketches, and linked up the dialogue with revealing hints and comments that are shrewd, humorous, elusively tender by turns, and accentuate the charm of the whole thing.

A novelist who must have cured a good many people of "that heavy feeling," both before and after meals, is Sax Rohmer. He has deservedly scored a very considerable popularity here and in America with his tales of that weirdest of Chinese crime directors, Dr. Fu-Manchu, and in "The Orchard of Tears" he successfully breaks new ground. The first time his heroine speaks in the book she remarks "You are a blasted liar!" Nevertheless, she develops into one of the most fascinating and lovable of girls. She comes under the guardianship of two friends who both fall in love with her, and she falls in love with the one who is already married; but the girl herself is too sensible and Paul Mario too high-minded and self-controlled to let the situation get out of hand. Paul is a man of genius, a dreamer, an idealist who has created a vast sensation by preaching in his books a wonderful gospel of reincarnation. A strange story, and an interesting and ably written one. Even the tragedy at the close does not give it an unhappy ending, if you accept Paul's teachings as true.

I am not sure that the happy ending of "Captain Marraday's Marriage" is so happy as it seems. A man who loves a girl much younger than himself marries her in time to save her from the shame that another has brought upon her. She has loved him all along; her character is so cunningly presented that you can believe in his



WHERE CORRESPONDENTS—AND OTHERS—GATHER TOGETHER: THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION CHATEAU ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]

"Exton Manor," and a dozen other admirably realistic novels as true to the English life of the twentieth century as Trollope's were of the nineteenth, has fully earned this tribute; yet, for the reasons given, he is lucky to get it. Incidentally, Dr. Phelps, as a medical man, establishes the practical utility of the novel, and raises it to an importance equal at least to Mother Siegel's Syrup. He has prescribed books for physical ailments, and says, "I know that 'Treasure Island' cured me of an attack of tonsillitis, and that 'Queed' cured me of acute indigestion. A United States naval officer informed me that he recovered from jaundice simply by reading 'Pride and Prejudice.'" There should be a boom for the book that could be advertised as an infallible cure for influenza, or—and there are such books, though one does not like to mention them—as a substitute for morphia, "to be taken at bedtime."

Talking of honours, Richard King makes a capital suggestion in his delightful collection of stories and essays, "Passion and Pot-Pourri." He argues that it would be more reasonable "to give out dishonours rather than honours." Then, instead of spending so much time "wire-pulling in all directions, in fear and trembling that, in the next list, their names may be left out," everybody would have to work hard all the time in order to escape being decorated as a slacker or an incompetent. Of course, if he repented and reformed, a man would be honoured by having his star or his medal taken away from him, or by being allowed to leave it at home. There is a good deal in this; but you know what people are, and I doubt whether there would be enough metal to go round.

I fancy that, if he had read Dr. Phelps's testimony to the medicinal value of fiction, G. S. Street would have written more respectfully of the novelist than he does in "At Home in the War." This record of his observations and impressions is full of true and poignant things; he has been deeply moved by the great new spirit that has swept over England in these years, and he moves you in his telling of it. But he says that nobody now gives the popular author the importance he had before the war; he is scornful of the writer (he does not name the unhappy wretch) who "thought the country might be saved if the Government were to consist of popular novelists and essayists." He evidently did not know, then, that the novel could do as much in that direction as Carter's Little Liver Pills. And he remembers, "with a certain sense of pathos, how, in the early weeks of the war, a number of writers with names then much before the public, popular novelists and the like, brought out a solemn manifesto to assure the world that they approved of their country's being loyal to its word. Poor dears! How odd that sense of proportion must seem to them now!"



READY TO START FOR THE FRONT, TO CONVOY WOUNDED: MOTOR-DRIVERS OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

increasing passion for her; but though he puts memory behind him, at last—I wonder could they be always happy? Read, and judge for yourself—it is well worth reading.

### BOOKS TO READ.

- Archibald Marshall: A Contemporary Realistic Novelist. By William Lyon Phelps, Ph.D. (New York: Dodd, Mend.)  
 Passion and Pot-Pourri. By Richard King. (Jordan-Gaskell.)  
 At Home in the War. By G. S. Street. (Heinemann.)  
 Echoes of the War. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
 The Orchard of Tears. By Sax Rohmer. (Methuen.)  
 Captain Marraday's Marriage. By Thomas Cobb. (John Lane.)  
 Jaunty Jock. By Neil Munro. (Blackwood.)  
 Little England. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Nisbet.)





## Presentation Silver

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company solid silver presentation services offer the best value obtainable, while the choice available is most comprehensive.

A selection of silver articles suitable for presentation will be forwarded for approval, carriage paid, or a catalogue will be posted free on application.

### PRESENTATION SILVER TEA & COFFEE SERVICE

Illustrated is a Reproduction of an original Old Sheffield Tea and Coffee Service. It is hand-made and of finest workmanship.

Tea & Coffee Service ... £37 10s. Tray, 20 in. ... £37 10s.

*Owing to prevailing conditions prices are subject to alteration.*

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address, 112, Regent Street, London, W. 1.

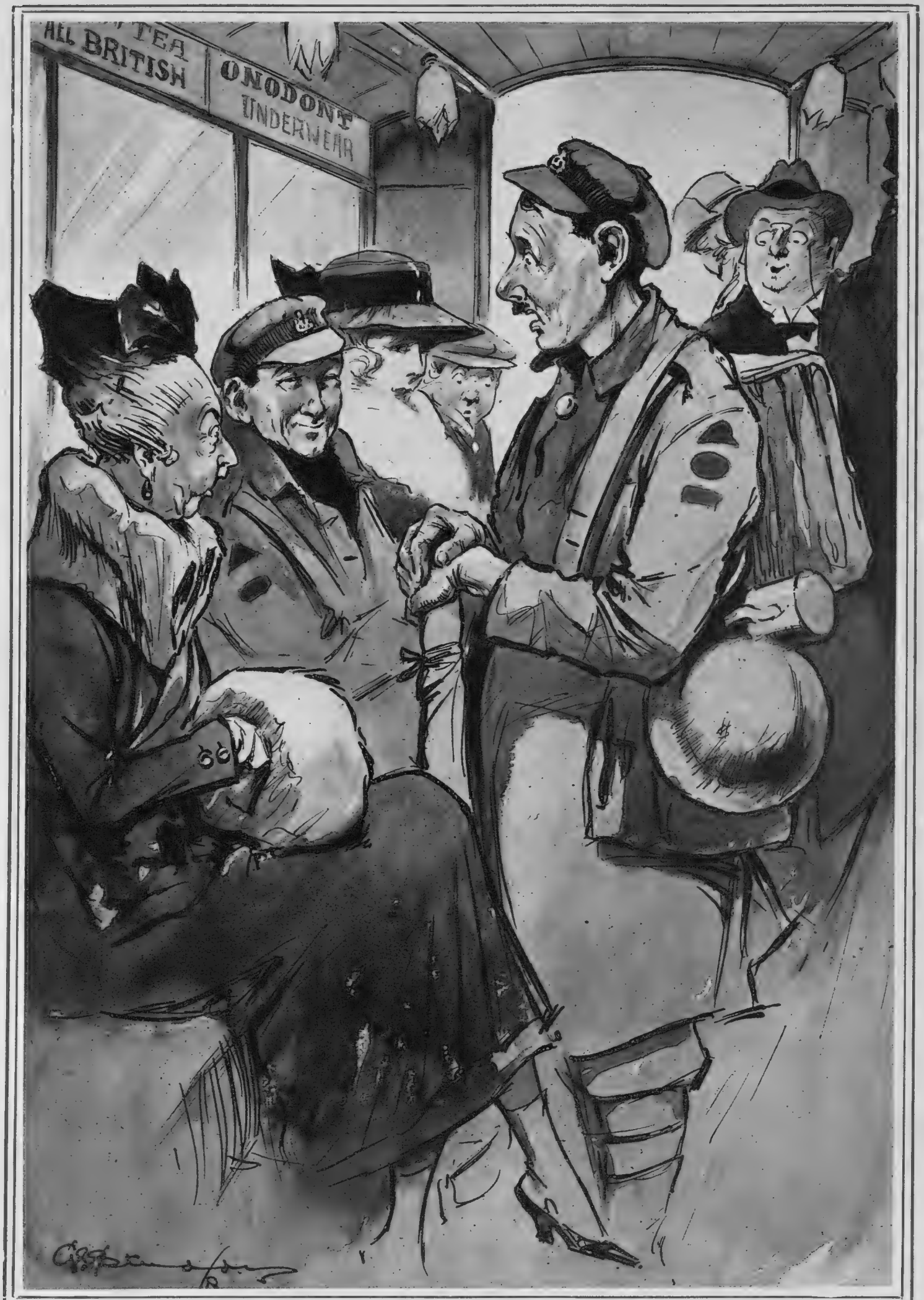
THE  
**GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS**  
**COMPANY LTD** with which is incorporated  
The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Estd 1751.

Jewellers to H.M. The King

**112, Regent St., London, W.1.**



## DEAR, DEAR, DEAR!



THE SEATED SOLDIER: Yes, Mum; a red chevron means a man's married, and each blue one means a kid.

THE OLD LADY (suddenly realising that the soldier standing up wears three blue chevrons, but no red): Oh, you wicked man! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





Drawing by Wilton Williams.

## Dri-ped Leather's War-time Services.

*No. 4—The Special Constabulary.*

Britain's manhood is vigorous enough at any age to render service to the Empire; that is what the Special Constabulary proves. 55 and 60 is merely boyhood, in this year 1918: and how far Dri-ped Sole Leather's wet-resistance and double wear have helped in this re-discovery of youth, any "Special" will tell you.

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description: it is a brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped; no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches.

Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for soles, is waterproof, double-wearing, light, flexible. It is used by repairers for re-soleing, and is readily obtainable on new footwear for War Workers.





## THE R.A.F. IN THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ALREADY people are beginning to wonder what is going to happen about flying after the war. As a matter of fact, the war is not over yet by quite a long way, for, armistice or no armistice, it will be necessary to keep quite a big army on the premises, as it were, till peace is actually signed; and even then it may be necessary to maintain an army of occupation for a few years, just to see that the defeated enemy plays no tricks with the peace conditions. Also, if Germany goes mad and bites, and becomes utterly Bolshevik, it will be necessary for the armies of the Allies to start in and enforce order, for, unless there is a sound Government of some sort in Germany, we and our Allies stand a precious poor chance of getting any of our indemnities out of that country. And necessarily, wherever there is an army, there must be a goodly portion of the Royal Air Force. Judging from what one has heard said by the R.A.F. people, nothing would please them better than to have the chance of taking it out of Bolsheviks of any sort.

**Civil Aerial Transport.** However, all sorts of serious and important people are thinking about post-war aviation, so it really looks as if something will be done about it before long. For one thing, it is quite time that the long-delayed report of the much-boomed Civil Aerial Transport Committee were published. Not that the report in itself can be of any direct practical use, but it may possibly indicate the direction in which the official mind has been thinking. Incidentally, I hear that, despite all the high-sounding names on that Committee, nothing definite has been done about its various recommendations, and that the mere printing of the report has only been taken seriously in hand quite recently. Meantime, other nations—such as the United States, France, Italy, Germany, and Austria—have started regular aerial postal services as experiments.

**Aerial Postal Services.** For some reason or another, everyone seems to regard air posts in this country as the first manifestation of commercial aeronautics after the war. Why this should be, goodness only knows, for there are already plenty of fast and reliable mail trains for that business;

with all their kit and stores and ordnance, not to mention a great deal of booty in the shape of German war material.

#### Aeroplanes for Army Postal Work.

Therefore all the Army's postal work might well be done by aeroplane. This would provide plenty of employment for a number of the two-seater and multi-seater machines hitherto used for bombing and reconnaissance and artillery observation. The bigger machines, such as the Handley Pages, might even be used



"WOUND" STRIPES FOR A SEAPLANE: A NEW IDEA AT AN ITALIAN AERODROME.

At the Italian aerodrome at which this photograph was taken, it became the custom to paint a silver "wound" stripe on each aeroplane hit—one stripe per hit. The machine seen, it will be noted, has six stripes.—[Official Photograph.]

for parcels post work, carrying comforts for the troops, for during the present winter creature comforts will be just as much needed by the men abroad as if they were actively fighting. In this way much useful experience could be gained in the running of aerial postal services. Costs could be worked out as the result. Records would be kept as to the number of days on which flying was possible or impossible. The mileage covered by different types of engines without need for overhauls would be ascertained, as would the mileage which a pilot could cover under peace conditions before needing a long rest. With these and other ascertainable figures available, it would be a comparatively easy matter to organise regular aerial postal services at a later date on a sound financial basis, and thus many a wild-cat scheme might be prevented.

#### Air Transport of Officers and Despatches.

Another of the duties of the R.A.F., between the declaration of the armistice and the return home of the Army, will be the transport of Staff officers and of despatches. The work of the administrative and supply branches of the Army necessitates constant travelling between Army Headquarters and home, and between one part of the Army and another, by a number of Staff officers. At present this travelling is mostly done by car, some of it by train; and so much of it as involves crossing the Channel is done by boat. All these methods are slow, especially in the devastated areas in France, where the roads are cut to pieces, and much time is wasted in circumnavigating destroyed bridges and mine craters and suchlike obstacles. All this travelling could be done in a fraction of the time by aeroplane, so that, by turning a number of the two-seater squadrons into what are called in the R.A.F. "Communication" Squadrons, much valuable time could be saved, and many aeroplanes could be put to good use. The little single-seater fighters would then be employed for the carrying of Army despatches of an urgent nature, and would prove to be quicker in many cases than the telegraph or telephone.



WELL-WON HONOURS: ROYAL AIR FORCE HEROES BEING DECORATED BY MAJOR-GENERAL HEATH-CALDWELL.—[Official Photograph.]

and, in order to score heavily over the common or garden train, an aeroplane has to travel such a distance as to allow it, even if delayed for a day or two by bad weather, to beat the train. Nevertheless, while the Allied Armies are still in eastern France and in Belgium—and, one hopes, in German territory—the railways will be pretty well jammed with traffic, partly taking out supplies to the troops, and partly bringing back such troops as are returning,





A pretty good Allotment —  
a rare good crop of peas — a  
mighty growth of weeds, though  
(wonderful how they do come  
up in the night) — a wielding of  
the hoe — an hour — two — three  
— a straightening of the back —  
a mopping of the brow —

and after that —  
a pipe of  
Bond of  
Union.

You feel you've never earned a smoke better.  
You know you've never earned a better smoke.  
There's no tobacco quite like Bond of Union,  
with its wonderful mellow coolness. Mild,  
11d. oz.; Medium and Full, 10½d. oz.

## THE COOL SMOKE

**FOR THE FRONT.**—We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers at the Front, specially packed, at 4½ per lb., duty free. Minimum order ½ lb. Postage (extra) 1/- for ½ lb. up to 1½ lb. and 1¼ up to 4 lb. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL.

# La Meriel

## IMPERIALES de Rothschild

THIS is the finest example of La Meriel Cigars. Made by experienced and highly skilled workers, it is a high-class cigar that fills the smoker with that sense of luxurious enjoyment that he gets with the most expensive of other makes of cigars. It has the fresh, subtly pleasant flavour of the finest Havana, and yet remains a permissible war-time luxury because it is so reasonably priced. If you appreciate a really good cigar you will thoroughly enjoy the Imperiales de Rothschild. It is the cigar that perfectly satisfies the most fastidious connoisseur. Prove it for yourself. If your tobacconist does not supply, we will send POST FREE, and if you don't find them the greatest cigar value possible, we will cheerfully return your money.

LA MERIEL "IMPERIALES DE ROTHSCHILD"  
(size as illustrated).

	Per 100	Per 50
In Great Britain ...	83/-	41/6
To Troops Abroad ...	66/-	33/-

SIDNEY PULLINGER LTD.  
41 Cannon Street,  
BIRMINGHAM.

## For XMAS 1918

### The USES of Luce's

There is no toilet preparation so universally useful as Luce's Eau de Cologne. As a refreshing perfume for the handkerchief or for spraying on the face and hands and clothing it is unequalled, whilst as an adjunct to the bath and wash basin it is indispensable. As a mouth wash after using tooth powder or paste it is delightfully sweetening and purifying, whilst ladies, after shampooing the hair, should rinse it with a jug of warm water to which a little

# LUCE'S

## ORIGINAL Jersey Eau-de-Cologne

British and Best

has been added. They will be surprised at its refreshing and comforting effect. A little diluted with water and sprinkled on the carpets and rugs will prevent rooms getting stuffy in cold and stormy weather when windows are closed and winter fires are burning.

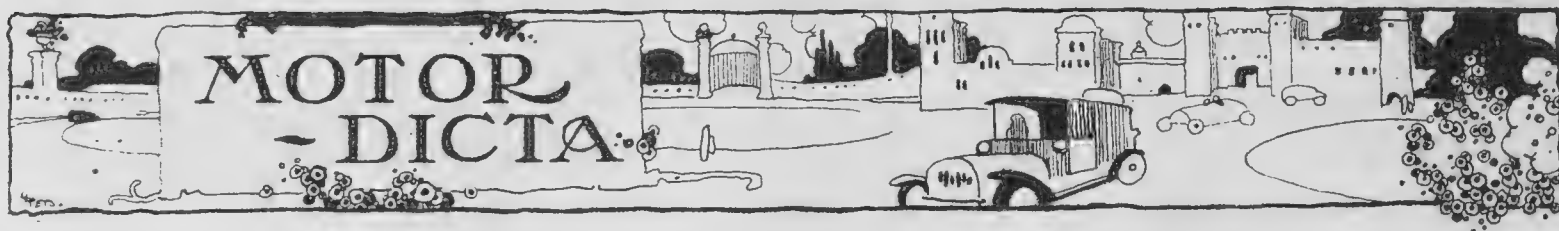
Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria. Numerous gold medals and highest awards. Established Jersey 1837.

Prices—12, 26, 49, 98  
Wickers—59, 139, 25/-

Of Stores, Chemists, and Perfumers, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Bakers, Harrods, Heppells, Selfridges, Whiteleys, etc., or from

LUCE'S, High Street, SOUTHAMPTON.





## OLYMPIA WEEK REFLECTIONS AND THE RELEASE OF PETROL. By GERALD BISS.

IT is very hard in some ways not to be joyous to the exclusion of the practical, to which by now, however, we shall all have settled down more or less, with the profound conviction that peace is not all lavender, and has, after such an upheaval, tasks and anxieties to be faced only second to those of war itself. Still, we have seen the one through; and now we shall perforce see the other through, though it will be an anxious and trying time. Peace in our country town came by telephone; and, with the philosophy bred of four years and four months of war, at eleven o'clock of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the Year of Peace nobody jumped out of their boots. It had been discounted, and our philosophic minds were projected into the terms of settlement and the proper ruling up of the unspeakable Hun. Then at a venture a delightful, wicked little boy broke the bonds of four years and four months of depression, and, in direct defiance of Dora, let off a cheerful, isolated, obstreperous, rollicking, anarchistic little squib with the dear old Guy Fawkes touch—the harbinger of liberty and active revolt against the suppression of individualism. That joyous squib touched the spot, and aroused both memory and imagination after such long compulsory Rip-van-Winkleism and waking self-abnegation.

**Olympia Week.** Something reacted, and I began to hum to myself a carmagnole which gathered volume as it went. It was Olympia Week, the sacred slice of the exhibition year dedicated to automobiles, full of many memories. For five Novembers Olympia had suffered from interned Huns, emptiness, and other things; and now how soon was the "Ichabod" to be stripped from off the lintel in Addison Road? Some folk have asked whether ever again there will be another motor show, or whether such things have passed permanently—knocked out by the war. Yes; of course there will be as many more Olympias as ever the public and the trade will stand: and I base this positive statement upon the analogy of the clergyman who received a call to a more lucrative pulpit. When a lady of his anxious congregation

"Internationals" who love the Hun far better than their own brethren, is so utterly altruistic as to resign good gold in lumps for nothing. Moreover, while others have been busy with diluted dialectics to keep the ball rolling in war-time the S.M.M.T. has not been by any means packing, but rather consolidating the position by making new contracts with the



MOTERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES! AN ARMOURD CAR BEING SHELLED ON THE MESOPOTAMIA FRONT.

Official Photograph.

Olympic authorities and officially signing new agreements for the duration of public tolerance. Again, the war will in reaction certainly have given these Olympiads a new lease of life for a year or two—or even more—to come, in that they will have something really fresh to show to the public, which same public, by reason of its practical war experience, will be a far more critical, intelligent, and interested body of bob-a-nobbers than used to perambulate the stands and look at the silver fittings of the limousines, to the exclusion of the oddments in the uninteresting engines. But the question is—How soon, O Lord, how soon? I doubt if it can well be before next November, for many reasons; but the spring would be very satisfactory, if possible, and give a big impetus to things both at home and abroad. So let us get on to the business with as little delay as may be—demobilisation without demoralisation.

### The Great Unpetrolled.

But what is exercising the Great Unpetrolled even more urgently is the question of when petrol—and plenty of it—is to be released. Some writers have raised what I fear are false hopes of an immediate glut; but the fact remains that there is a lot of cleaning up across the water to be done, and that the machine of war must be kept equipped *cap-à-pie* until the wriggling Hun has swallowed and digested all the peace terms to the satisfaction and security of the Allies. No official, either, was ever in any undue hurry yet—nor will they hurry now for your convenience and mine, dear reader, to the stripping of their own brief authority. Again, in this demobilisation of petrol the private car-owner will find himself last on the list, with the wheels of industry all in front of him. Finally, great care must be exercised that, falling out of Government control into the clutches of the controlling companies, we may not find ourselves out of the frying-pan into the fire. The fuel problem is the most urgent and vital in all automobilism, and calls for prompt and statesmanlike handling before we find ourselves, as a nation, immobilised or rack-rented out of existence by outside influences. The private owner must have his grievances, but public and national needs must come first.



IN HIS OFFICIAL CAR: THE VICTORIOUS GENERAL ALLENBY AT DAMASCUS.—[Official Photograph.]

called to inquire as to whether they were going to lose their beloved pastor, the "general" of the front door answered in the affirmative on her own—"Leastways," quoth she, "master's in the study praying for guidance, and the mistress is upstairs packing."

**The S.M.M.T.** Well, the annual Olympia is the backbone of the finance of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders; and no one, except the pacifist



# THE STAFF

appreciate

The Merit and Safety of

# GOODRICH

(FULL SIZE)

## SAFETY TREAD TYRES

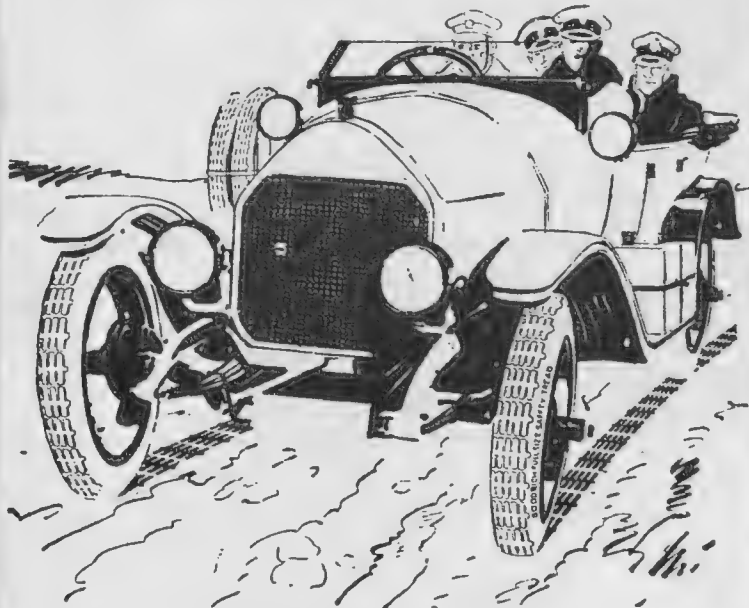
'BEST IN THE LONG RUN.'

**G**OODRICH TYRES demonstrate their superiority in every test they are put to on the rough roads at the Front or under any other trying conditions. Fit them to your Car.

ALWAYS USE—  
**GOODRICH INNER TUBES**

'BEST IN ANY CASE.'

BOOKLET FREE FROM  
The B. F. Goodrich Co. Ltd.  
117-123 Golden Lane, E.C. 1



*Extract from a letter received from France:—*

"There is nothing better than **OXO** for a man who has to face the rigours of winter campaigning.

"At all times and under all conditions I have proved its value in keeping a man absolutely fit."

## BE SURE TO SEND **OXO**

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers: OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.

**QUALITY**

## BENSON'S

### FINE RINGS



In the new Palladium and other settings.

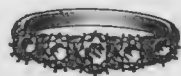


Originality of design combined with taste. Exclusive and beautiful work at strictly moderate prices for cash.



Diamonds, either alone or with Pearls, Emeralds, Sapphires, or Rubies of rare quality.

The range of prices and variety of fine single-Stone Rings is immense.



*Illustrated Lists of Rings (with size card) Jewels, Pocket, Wristlet or Bracelet Watches, etc., post free.*

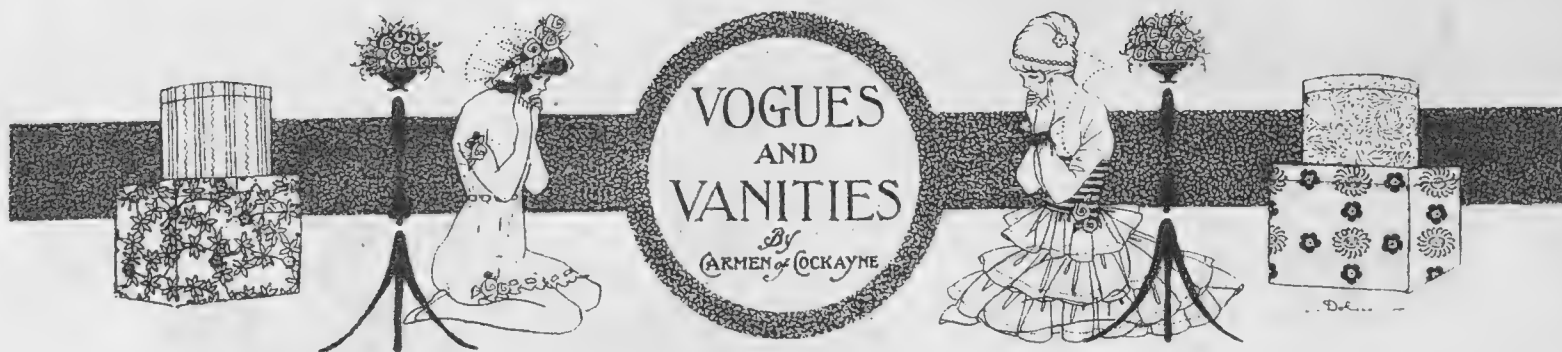


## J. W. BENSON, Ltd.,

*Watchmakers to H.M. War Office, Admiralty, etc.,*

62 & 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4  
and 25, Old Bond St., W.1





### Anyone Can Do It.

Anybody can fill a house with furniture. It is no more than a matter of a reputation for financial stability and, what is almost more important—at any rate from the point of view of the purchaser these straitened times—of finding someone to bring home the “stuff” once the deal has been fairly concluded. But it takes something more than money to furnish a house. It takes taste, and knowledge, and a sense of values and proportion, amongst other things, if the place is to be a home and not a museum of antiquities, or absurdities, as the case may be.

### They Don't Know.

Just as no amount of time and money spent on frocks will ever make the woman without a dress “sense” ever look anything but “clothed,” so the people who furnish their houses in Adam, or Chippendale, or Jacobean, or any other style, without an intelligent appreciation of what the terms really imply, are heading straight for the kind of finished product that makes anyone who “knows” sigh for a rush-bottomed chair and a deal table right away.

### A Long Job.

However, it is not necessary to be slavishly imitative in order to produce the styles of other days. The person on the look-out for furniture who is going to reject everything but the absolutely genuine article, or its absolutely faithful reproduction, has set himself a long job. Lots of people like to produce an eighteenth-century illusion in their drawing-room. Only the comparatively few can afford to indulge their fancy with the “real thing.” But that is no reason why they should be condemned to suffer the mental anguish that is aroused by spider-legged chairs and tables that owe allegiance to no known form of art. If you cannot be antique, the next best thing is to be as antique as you can; and that is not particularly difficult with Mr. Joshua Garside, at Shoolbred's, in Tottenham Court Road, just waiting to be asked to show how it is done. It is really important to get the help of an expert; otherwise, it is conceivable that an enthusiast might fall a victim to the allurements of Adam festoons when, as a matter of fact, fashion demanded the presence of the more restrained Chippendale, spindly Sheraton, or the unvarnished dignity of Jacobean oak—and few people are so strong-minded as to be entirely indifferent to fashion.

### The Reasons Why.

Victorian furniture failed for two reasons. To begin with, there was its solid ugliness. More than that, it was downright dishonest, passing off for real walnut what was only veneer—and very much on the surface at that. But there is “no deception” about the reproductions that are such an attraction in the furniture salons at Shoolbreds. They are frankly reproductions, but of the kind in which the spirit and characteristics of the time they represent have been

faithfully caught and shown. Quite often, they may differ from originals in some particular. The discrepancy is all to the good. After all, the letter is a comparatively trifling matter; the spirit is there, and it is the spirit, as we all know, that gives life.

### Importance of Fashion.

Fashion being so important, it is as well to know her views. At the moment the tendency is towards the ideals of the eighteenth century, with a decided preference for the Adam and Chippendale and Queen Anne styles, and not much sympathy for the principles professed by Sheraton. However, no one need be eighteenth-century against their will. There are still a few bold people to whom their own likes and dislikes are more important than fashion; and, if their affection still clings to the kind of furniture used by people who plumped solidly for simple richness and dignity, and cared little for inessential adornment, there is no reason why they shouldn't, and every inducement why they should, please themselves.

**How It Is Done.** It is quite possible, for instance, to have a Jacobean drawing-room without the attendant inconveniences necessary to make it absolutely faithful to the rooms in the “good old days.” Old wainscoting can be produced quite well enough to suit the taste of a reasonable being without the accompaniments of worm-holes and rats, and in such a way as to be realistically suggestive of the old methods of construction and finish used by the old workmen, whose rather primitive tools had no apparent effect on their skill. There will be the right kind of plaster-work on the frieze and ceiling; and if the furniture is not wholly, or mainly, or even partly composed of genuine “specimens,” their carved-oak counterparts are not the kind of things with which ordinary common-sense people are likely to quarrel. Just the same applies to the hangings and carpets; and when, by carefully choosing your materials, you arrive at a perfectly blended and continuous whole, what more can anyone not an antiquary want?

### Ready for Anything.

It's a long way from Jacobean sobriety to the more frivolous ornateness of the Adam period; but not too long for Mr. Garside to give the visitor to Shoolbred's a glimpse into the Adam drawing-room of her dreams. In it there are plaster decorations, of course, in low relief; and not the least interesting thing about them is that each is a careful copy of an actual old piece. There is a chimney-piece of marble with fluting of inlaid Siena, and moulded panelling on the walls. Just to preserve harmony, the furniture is decorated satinwood; and even the grate and fender and lighting arrangements, not to mention the textile et-ceteras, have all been carefully planned with an eye to the general scheme.







# Turtlekon

REAL TURTLE SOUP

## Delicious Real Turtle Soup Made in a Moment.

A CUP of hot Turtlekon is a feast for an epicure—each little cube—ample for one person—provides in a highly concentrated form all the rich nourishment and incomparable flavour of the meat of finest West Indian Turtles.

Simply pour boiling water on the cube and Turtlekon is ready in an instant—a direct saving of both time and fuel. Your war-time luncheon or dinner party will become luxurious if you serve Turtlekon as a first course. Try a cup as a mid-morning “stand-by,” or as a light evening meal with toast, you will find it as delicious as it is nourishing, and as satisfying as it is economical.

Of all High-Class Grocers  
and Stores or direct from

**Freemans**  
FOOD PRODUCTS

MADE IN *Delectaland*  
where Pure Foods come from.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.

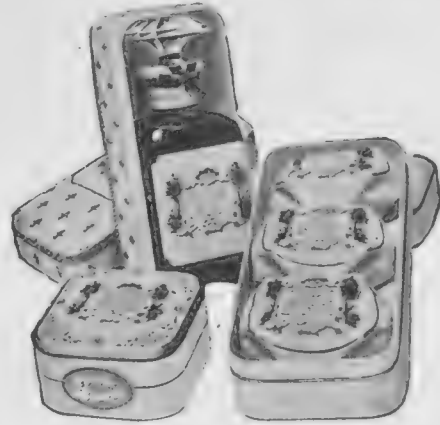
Managing Director—G. HAVINDEN.

Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates,  
Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products.

DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENGLAND.

## PARFUMERIE de LUXE

*Perfumes of exquisite fragrance  
are distilled especially for JAYS  
Their subtle delicacy of scent  
is, therefore, exclusive to the House.*



JAYS' FAMOUS "WALLFLOWER" PERFUME.  
Prices: 3/9, 4/9, 7/6, 11/6, 22/6 and 55/- per Bottle.

Also "Florival," "Fragrancy," "Violette de Parme,"  
"Bouquet Supreme," and "Eau de Cologne Royal."

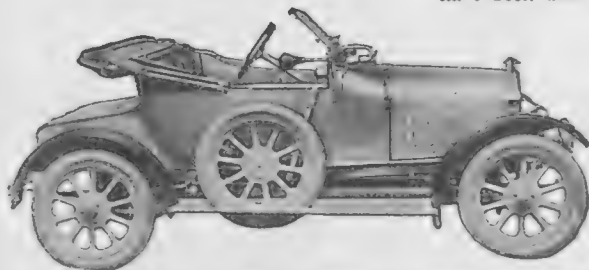
FACE POWDER of delicate refinement, 2/6 Box, Box of 3 for 7/-  
DAINTY TOILET SOAP, 2/6 per Cake. Box of 3 for 7/-  
Sachet Powder, 1/9 each.

Illustrated Booklet of Sports Coats,  
Underwear, etc., post free on request.

**Jays Ltd.**  
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

## SWIFT → the Car for you—

*because* the purchaser of the after-war Swift will own a car to which the invaluable experience of the past four years has been applied without stint—and in addition will benefit by manufacturing facilities which have been doubled.



THE SWIFT  
MOTOR CO., Ltd.,  
COVENTRY.

LONDON:  
123-4, Long Acre,  
W.C. 2.

DUBLIN:  
15-17, South King  
Street.

**Wilson & Gill**

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"  
139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

TIME EASILY READABLE  
IN THE DARK.

GUARANTEED  
TIMEKEEPER.

9-ct. Gold  
£9 10 0

Solid Silver,  
£4 0 0

18-ct. Gold.  
£14 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,  
WITH WHITE or BLACK DIAL, LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

Section showing Damp  
and Dust-proof Front  
and Back Unscrewed.



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### Days of Joy.

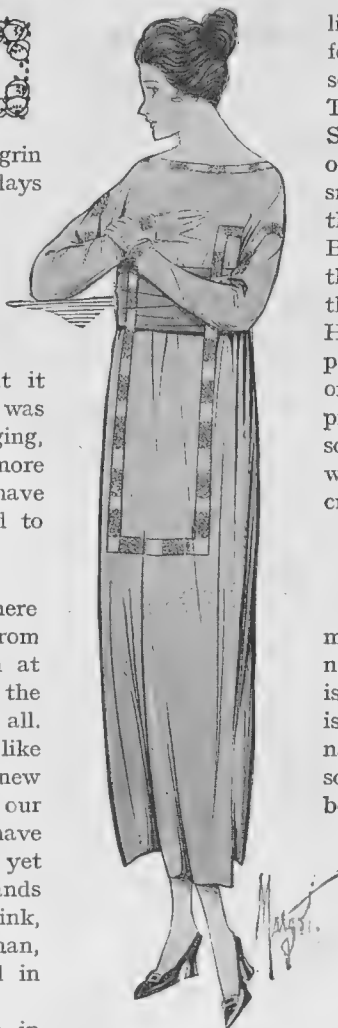
I've contracted a chronic Cheshire cat's grin from being about town on the opening days of last week. We did have a flag-wagging outburst! We had waited steady and quiet through good and evil reports from the Fronts; but with the complete surrender of Germany, the great foe, there was an outburst—and who could wonder? The young folk burst all restraints and enjoyed their joy, as they deserved to do. The elders liked to see them; and those who had an ache in their hearts felt it mitigated when they realised that those for whom the ache was had gone doing their grand bit to secure this day for those singing, dancing, joyous youngsters, whose future is bright once more before them, who can look out on life again with no fear, who have worked as the others have fought and watched and died, and to whom their inheritance as free-born Britons is again clear.

### The Hush of the Week-End.

We all walked, like Agag, delicately. There was distinct disinclination to wander far from the vulcanite friend of the family, which at any moment might tinkle out the summons to hear that the armistice had been signed. An atmosphere of waiting held us all. We knew that crowns made in Germany were tumbling about like other gimcrack products of the vaunted Fatherland. We knew that the end of the end was at hand; but the legal side of our British characters wanted it signed, sealed, and delivered. I have always believed greatly that "the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all." It was said—or, I think, translated from the old Greek Sibylline books—by a German, Friedrich von Logan, in the sixteenth century. It is verified in the twentieth!

### Properly Cracked There.

It must be rather difficult to know who in Germany ever was crowned—certainly now no one is. It would seem much safer to drop the crowns among the cabbages and consume them in sauerkraut. When one thinks of the solemn, silly little Courts in self-satisfied



*A black satin gown, the austerity of which is relieved by a trimming of beads and angora wool of bright colours.*

little Duchies that the courtiers, male and female, attended in a syndicated omnibus, it seems a small thing that they are no more. There are, however, the greater Courts—Saxony, Bavaria, Württemberg, and the greatest of all, the once German Imperial Court—all smashed up. It is a marvellous melting-pot that the Allies have put the fire under. Brunswick, too, appears to have gone, although there was no Court, only a sulky Duke who thought he should have been a King of Hanover. Well, well—if all these once great people go out as paying guests, what a time of it the hostesses will have settling their proper precedence! They will have to find some country willing to take them in. I wonder how neutral Ireland would do? The crowns would be properly cracked there!

### Warm for This Winter.

We all want to be warm this winter, and to be comfortably easy in our movements, too, for, if war is over, work is not, and will not be for some months. There is nothing like Solflex for keeping warm. It is made of the finest Egyptian cotton in its natural cream-coloured, undyed state, and some of the sunshine of the East seems to be woven into it. The real secret of its warmth-retaining qualities is the fine cellular mesh used in weaving it. It is soft as silk, thoroughly porous and elastic, so that, while it gives to every motion, it fits like the skin. It washes perfectly, and every garment is guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. It is an entirely British production, made in the Midlands, and sold only direct from the factory by the Midland Hosiery Agency, Loughborough. The "Melana" plain and ribbed cashmere stockings are remarkable

(Continued overleaf.)

## Send a Gillette to your boy in the North Sea

OUT there in the North Sea, where there are angry seas, hidden dangers, and ill-tempered gales to contend with, shaving isn't quite so simple an operation as in your well-appointed bath-room.

A **Gillette** Safety Razor sent as a Victory year Yuletide gift to your boy in the Navy or Merchant Service would mean much more than a mere expression of goodwill. It would mean a gift which would have a real, practical value 365 days in every year. Whatever his rank, there is no Christmas Gift he would appreciate quite as much as a **Gillette**.

Neat, compact, always ready for use, requiring no stropping, no honing, no attention of any kind, the **Gillette** is on duty constantly, ready to give a clean, easy and comfortable shave in three minutes.

The officers and men in the Navy pride themselves on their smart personal appearance and regard the **Gillette** razor as a real help in that direction.

**GILLETTE** Standard set, comprising heavily plated razor, 2 blade boxes and 12 double-edged blades (24 shaving edges), in case, complete, 21/-

Pocket Edition Gillette set, in heavily-plated case, also at 21/-

Write for illustrated booklet.

Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd.,  
200, Great Portland Street,  
London, W.1.



**Gillette**  
SAFETY RAZOR  
NO STROPPING NO HONING



# I WAS A SIGHT FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I Cured it Quickly, Root and all, so it Never Returned.

I will Send Free Full Particulars of the Sacred Hindoo Secret which Cured Me.

For years I was the victim of horrid hair growths on my face and arms. I was a sight. Every time I met another woman with this "mannish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders, liquids, and other "hair-removers" I had ever heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.

Finally my husband, a noted surgeon and an officer in the British Army, secured from a native Hindoo soldier (whose life he had saved) the



The native women of India never have any trace of superfluous hair. I will send you the secret.

secret of the Hindoo religion, which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of hair except the hair on their head. I used it. In a few days all my hair growths had gone. To-day not a trace can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. My experience with this wonderful remedy was so remarkable that I feel it my duty to tell my experience to others afflicted that they may profit by it, and not waste their time and money on worthless "concoctions," as I did.

Therefore, to any lady who will send me the coupon below, or copy of it, with your name and address, within the next few days, sending two penny stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send quite free full information, so that you may for ever end all trace of embarrassing hair by the wonderful method that cured me. I will also send you free, particulars of other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. Please state whether Mrs. or Miss, and address your letter as below.

## THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and two penny stamps.  
MRS. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair; also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can.  
Address, FREDERICK HUDSON, Dept. H 1921, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

**IMPORTANT NOTE.**—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

## Marvellous Hair-Colouring Shampoo

"Kōpatine" Al-Khanna Shampoo permanently restores grey or faded hair in one application. Easily applied—success guaranteed. Cannot colour or injure the most delicate skin. Will not wash off or come off on the brush. Any colour desired can be obtained. See simple instructions with each packet. For whole head, 6/6; half-head, 3/6; fringe only, 1/3. Of Selfridges, Harrod's, Boots' branches, chemists, etc., or sent direct on receipt of P.O. Private applications are given in our Salons. Advice gratis. All communications strictly private.  
Write for booklet—  
KōPATINE CIE. (Dept. 10)  
34 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.



# Gorrings

BECOMING FURS  
... for ...  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Model 518 A.

Model 520 A.



Model 517 A.

Model 519 A.

## NATURAL SKUNK.

Having made a large purchase of Skunk Skins early last spring, before the huge advance in price, we are able to offer extraordinary value in this fur.

Stoles from 4½ Gns.  
Muff - 7½ Gns.

**Model 517 A.** Exquisite Model, in choicest dark Natural Skunk, beautifully worked. A perfect example of the Furrier's Art.  
Price 49 Gns.

**Model 518 A.** Smart Natural Skunk Model, fine full silky skins.  
Price 9½ Gns.  
Barrel Muff ... Price 8½ Gns.

**Model 519 A.** Delightful Wrap, in fine Natural Skunk, beautifully worked in the fashionable strand effect and lined rich silk.  
Very special value ... Price 19½ Gns.  
Large Pillow Muff ... Price 10½ Gns.

Illustrated Fur Catalogue post free on request.

**Model 520 A.** Charming Natural Skunk Model, composed of very full silky skins and fastened with smart button.  
Exceptional value ... Price 12½ Gns.

Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance or usual trade references.

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

# POULTON & NOEL'S

ENGLISH  
OX TONGUES  
POTTED MEATS, SOUPS

In Tins and Glasses

"Excellent all ways"

Of Grocers and Stores everywhere. Fish Pastes and Soups can be purchased without coupons.

## QUALITY

"Tidy-Wear" is the world's best hair-net. Carefully selected, Hygienically cleansed human hair

- Medium :  
No. 43 ... 3½d.
- Large :  
No. 63 ... 4½d.
- Extra Large :  
No. 83 ... 5½d.
- Superior Small Mesh :  
No. 93 ... 6½d.



## & UTILITY!

—with the patent tight-hair keeping unsightly mesh from the forehead. It has no equal.

Note.—The patent Tight-hair is intended to keep all unsightly mesh from the forehead, and does so, while not restricting the Coiffure in any way.

SOLD BY  
ALL DRAPERS,  
and  
BOOTS  
THE CHEMISTS.

"Tidy-Wear"  
PATENTED HAIR NETS REGISTERED



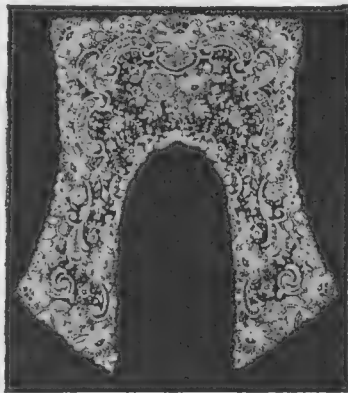
# STEINMANN'S

## Belgian & Flemish Real Laces for Xmas Gifts

*Purchasers of these Lace Goods materially assist many deserving workers.*



REAL  
BELGIAN  
LACE  
COLLARS  
(as  
illustrations)  
63/-  
and  
95/-



REAL LACE COLLARS from 12/6 to 7 Guineas.  
REAL LACE HANDKERCHIEFS from 5/- to 63/-  
LENGTHS OF LACE from 25/- to £50

Embroidered Handkerchiefs in half-dozen. 10/6 to 25/- the half-dozen.  
Varieties of anything sent on approval. Please give an idea of price.  
Illustrated Catalogue on request.

### Specialities—

Fine Cambric and Linen Lawn  
Handkerchiefs.  
Lace Collars, Scarves, Berthes,  
Fichus, Handkerchiefs, &c.  
Real Valenciennes Laces.

Real Flemish Laces.  
Real Brussels, Milanese, Irish  
Crochet, Honiton, Mechlin,  
Point de Paris, Lille, Point de  
Venise, and Antique Laces.

DAINTY BABY CLOTHES & FINEST HAND-MADE LINGERIE

*Catalogue on request.*

We supply Ladies' Underwear and Baby Garments ready made or to order,  
or supply all the materials to make them at home. See our unique  
Pattern Book of Embroideries, Laces, and Materials sent on application.

P. STEINMANN & CO., 185, 186, Piccadilly, London, W.  
*Founded 1865 by Monsieur Steinmann, a French Swiss. Now entirely British.*

**Walpole**  
BROS LTD  
89  
90 NEW BOND ST W

UNAPPROACHABLE VALUE

## WINTER DRESSING GOWN



of ribbed Velvet, lined throughout with fancy Delaine. The Model is specially designed by the "House of Walpole" in anticipation of a trying Winter. It is exceptionally becoming, the collar being trimmed with double rows of fur, as are also the three-quarter sleeves, and the Gown fastens with a girdle.

Walpole Brothers could not have offered this ideal Gown of comfort at the price had they not purchased the Fabric and Fur before the many increases which have taken place.

PRICE

**69/6**

Colours:—Jade, Light Rose, Dark Rose, Mauve, Purple, Saxe Blue, Pale Blue, Brown.

*One garment only, with a range of colours, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.*

*The Scent  
of a Persian Garden.*

**OMAR KHAYYAM**  
*Perfume*

Price 4/9, 9/-, 17/3, 35/- per bottle.

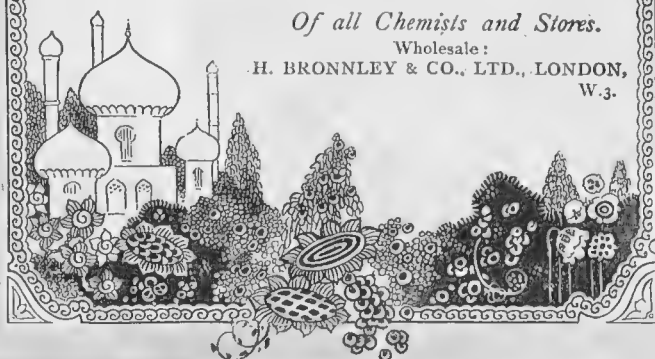
OMAR KHAYYAM  
FACE CREAM, 3/-

OMAR KHAYYAM  
FACE POWDER, 2/3

OMAR KHAYYAM  
TOILET SOAP.  
Box of 3 Tablets, 3/9

*Of all Chemists and Stores.*

Wholesale:  
H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD., LONDON,  
W.3.





## To Remove Grease

How often do you find that though your hair doesn't really need washing again, it *will* go in greasy flakes, and the colour seems dark and dull?

That is when you need an Icilma dry Shampoo. Merely sprinkle it all over your hair and then, after a few moments, brush it out.

The powder brushes out so easily and takes with it every atom of grease and dirt, and leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh.



# Icilma

Hair Powder

3d. per packet: 7/6 1/6; large box, 2/3; everywhere—pronounced Eye-Silma.

ICILMA CO., LTD., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1.

## DAINTY DANCE FROCKS

Of Exclusive Design

Made in our own workrooms from rich quality materials, and designed on the lines of the latest Paris models.

**DANCE FROCK**, with simple bodice of rich quality flowered gold or silver tissue, daintily finished with point and tassel. Full Vandyked skirt of black silk net with under petticoat of fine lace. In black, with coloured tops only.

PRICE 10½ Gns.

### LADIES' KNITTED WOOLLEN GLOVES.

with 8-inch gauntlet. Beautifully soft and warm. In a variety of colours, also black and white.

Price 6/6 per pair.

Note: This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

## Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Debenham's Limited)  
(Cavendish Square) London, W. 1

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



## WITH PEACE!

With Peace many great changes will come—among them a better appreciation of the merits of pure wool underwear. Wolsey is pure wool. The soldiers, exposed to every weather hardship, wore wool next the skin. Their health demanded it. What medical science found necessary for high-grade men is necessary for all. Protect yourself, too, against weather dangers wear pure wool Wolsey.

# Wolsey

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

The makers of Wolsey are anxious that all who have worn Wolsey in the past should be supplied again. The best way is to keep in touch with your shop-keeper. Ask him to supply your needs when deliveries of Wolsey are made.

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO.,  
Leicester.



## ATKINSONS

PARFUM

# "CHEF D'ŒUVRE"

A MASTERPIECE OF THE PERFUMER'S ART—INDESCRIBABLY FASCINATING—WORTHY OF THE ATKINSON TRADITION  
Parfum "CHEF D'ŒUVRE" in crystal bottles, encased in silk-lined leather-covered caskets 18/6, 46/-.

Poudre "CHEF D'ŒUVRE" in five tints, blanche, rachel naturelle, rose or brunette, 11/- per box.  
Savon "CHEF D'ŒUVRE" 10/9 per box of 3 tablets.  
Sels Parfumes pour le bain "CHEF D'ŒUVRE"—bottles .. 7/6, 13/6 .. tins .. 18/-, 31/6, 84/-  
Sels Comprimés pour le bain "CHEF D'ŒUVRE"—12 tablets in box, 3/9

Coffret "CHEF D'ŒUVRE," as illustrated, 37/6 post free  
A complete and charming gift, containing Parfum, Poudre and Savon, in silk-lined leather-covered casket.  
A miniature specimen of Parfum "Chef d'Œuvre" will be sent on request.  
J. & E. ATKINSON, Ltd.,  
24, Old Bond St., London, W. 1.

Inventors & Manufacturers of Atkinson's Gold Medal Eau de Cologne.





## Robinson & Cleaver HANDKERCHIEFS

for everybody

are described in our latest list, which describes Khaki Handkerchiefs for Soldiers or Airmen, plain Handkerchiefs, and lace and embroidered trifles. No. G2 (as illustrated), Ladies' fine linen cambric fancy stitched Handkerchiefs, 13 in. sq. Per doz., 17/9

List and samples (describing Handkerchiefs from 3/6 per doz.) sent post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,  
38N, DONEGALL PLACE, BELFAST.



The essential food

Not a house does the milkman miss. But how variously is the day's milk used in each different home.

To get the best from your supply combine a portion with Johnston's "Patent" Corn Flour—a different way every day.

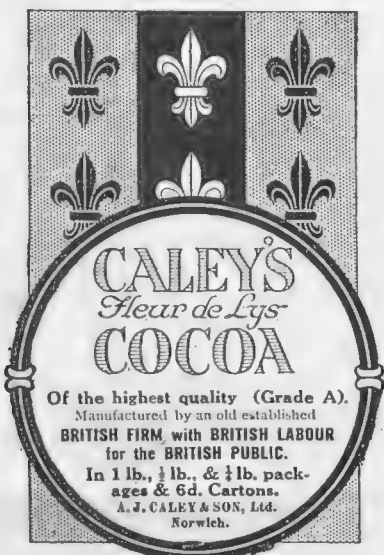
And in cool, smooth moulds, in rich creamy custards, in tasty puddings or delicious white cakes, you will greatly enhance the value of the milk in nourishment, in bulk and in palatableness.

For Corn Flour that comes to you invariably pure, fresh and full-flavoured, insist on

**JOHNSTON'S  
PATENT  
CORN FLOUR**

J. & G. JOHNSTON, LTD.,  
PAISLEY; and  
39, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,  
LONDON, E.C.

A/4.



## After the War!

(A TRADE NOTE.)

Now the war is over, redecoration is of the most urgent importance all over the world. Paint and varnish, the greatest preservers of wood and ironwork, will be required in larger quantities than ever before.

Our customers at home and throughout the world, are requested to send orders now, for delivery in rotation at the earliest possible moment.



Some Specialities  
of Sissons Brothers  
& Co., Ltd. :-

General Purpose Varnish—  
"G.P." Trade Mark.  
"Sisopal," the finest  
Copal Varnish  
"Aperfectol" and "Sisco"  
brands ready-mixed Paints.  
Damp-resisting Fluid.  
"Olac" Enamel.  
Front Door Varnish.  
White Oil Varnish.  
Bright Gloss Paints.  
Bitumen Solution.  
Ships' Composition  
Coachbuilders' Colours.  
"Rustikol" the artistic  
wood preservative.  
"Oil Flat," an oil-bound  
flat Wall finish.  
Dull Red and Green Compo  
for protecting ironwork.  
Stains, etc., etc.

Hall's Distemper.

When the sale of Hall's Distemper is fully resumed, the same range of over 50 colours will be offered.

For interior decoration, Hall's Distemper, by reason of its great beauty and health advantages, is the ideal wall covering for homes of all classes, hospitals, sanatoria and other public institutions.

Goods packed and labelled to meet customers' requirements in all parts of the world. All Varnishes packed in square tins for export.

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL, Eng.  
Established 1803. Works cover 18 acres.  
London Address: 189B Borough High St., S.E.1 And at Liverpool, Glasgow, Reading.

Varnishes & Enamels

for all purposes, including—  
High-class Coachbuilders' and  
Motor Body Varnishes,  
Decorators' and Painters'  
Varnishes,  
Silver, Gold, and Coloured  
Stoving Varnishes,  
Machinery Implement and  
Decorators' Enamels.

For Beautiful Healthful Homes

# HALL'S DISTEMPER



Sole Manufacturers:  
SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., LTD.  
HULL & 189B Borough High Street, London, S.E.1.

## A PURE, LIGHT FACE CREAM

The tiniest quantity of "SPRING BLUSH," a pale yellow cream, is rubbed into the cheeks and a little powder dusted over it. In a short time the cheeks assume a delicate pink colour. A customer writes from the South of France: "Mrs. — is most satisfied with the cream and considers it a wonderful preparation." It is quite harmless. A large pot, lasting many weeks, is sent, post free, in plain wrapper, for 10s. 6d., by THE S.K. BALDWIN MFG. CO., WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1. (NO SAMPLES.)

**TURNS TO A LOVELY ROSY-PINK**

Capt. M., B.E.F., France, writes:—  
"Your soles are absolutely O.K."  
Col. J. B. T., B.E.F., France, writes:—  
"In every respect they are excellent."

## Phillips' 'Military' SOLES AND HEELS

make one pair of boots  
last the time of three!

They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet keep dry in wet weather. Ideal for Golf.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS

STOUT (Active Service) ... 5/6 per set.  
LIGHT (Supply temporarily suspended owing to enormous demand for STOUT) ... 4/-  
LADIES' (Limited supply only) ... 3/-  
With slight extra charge for fixing.  
Spare Heels, Stout, 2/-; Light, 1/6; Ladies', 1/- per pair.

Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Dept. G4), 142-6, Old Street, London, E.C.1



Fortify  
your  
Boots!

U.S.A. & Canadian Patents  
for Sale or License.

QUALITY

## J. W. BENSON'S

LUMINOUS  
'ACTIVE SERVICE' WATCH  
VISIBLE AT NIGHT.

Silver,  
£3.15



Gold,  
£10

Others—  
in Silver  
from £3 3s.

In Hunter or Half-Hunter cover.  
Silver, £4.10 Gold, £12.12  
Fine quality Lever movement, in strong  
Case, Dust and Damp Proof.  
WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

Illustrated List of Wristlet Bracelet and Pocket  
Watches, Rings, Jewels, etc., free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4  
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.1





# Exceedingly Graceful EVENING FROCK.

Robe Dept.

Smart Evening Gown of Black Milanese Lace, with an Underlining of Flesh colour Georgette, daintily trimmed Ribbons and Flowers. Bodice of Black Velvet and Flesh Georgette. Also in Ivory with Silver Tissue Bodice **87/6**

Fully Illustrated Departmental Booklets post free on application.

You can always depend on your requirements by post being attended to promptly by a staff of experienced assistants.

## DICKINS & JONES LTD

Regent St London W.



The Concentrated Fragrance of the best loved flowers picked at the very moment of their perfection.

**COURVOISIER'S  
C.C.  
PERFUMES**

Concentrated without spirit.

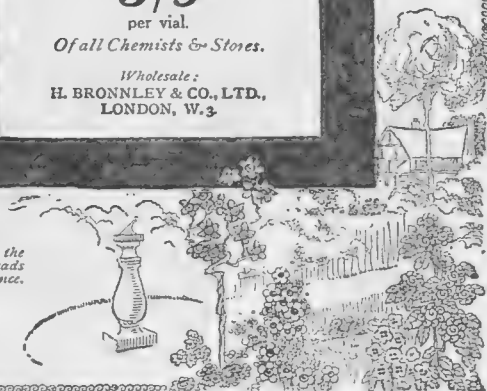
LILY of the VALLEY, ROSE, VIOLET and all other Flower Scents,

**3/9**  
per vial.

Of all Chemists & Stores.

Wholesale:  
H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD.,  
LONDON, W.3.

One drop from the perfuming rod spreads a wealth of fragrance.



**J.C. VICKERY.**  
177 to 183  
REGENT ST.  
LONDON  
W.

Write for Catalogue of  
Useful Gifts Post Free.



No. A 291

Diamond Half-Hoop, £19 10s.,  
£32 10s. and  
£45 10s.



No. A 339

Square Cut  
Diamond, Sapphire  
and Palladium Ring,  
£25 10s.



No. A 344

Diamond & Square  
Cut Emerald,  
£34 10s.



A.S.C.



R.F.A.



R.A.M.C.

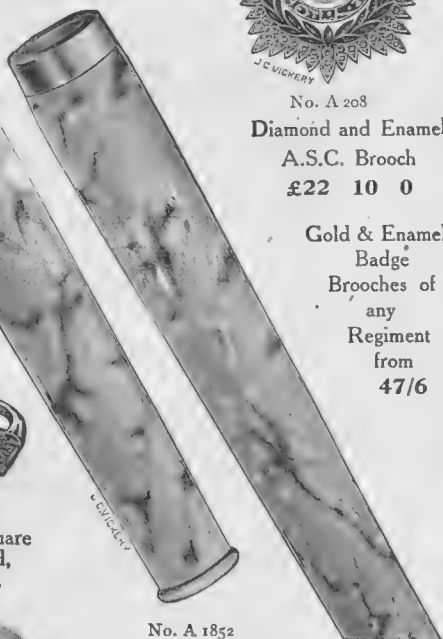
18-ct. GOLD SIGNET RINGS,  
with Regimental Ribbon, beautifully enamelled in proper colours.  
Any Regiment supplied.  
Only 35/- each. Order early.



No. A 208

Diamond and Enamel  
A.S.C. Brooch  
£22 10 0

Gold & Enamel  
Badge  
Brooches of  
any  
Regiment  
from  
47/6



No. A 1852

Vickery's popular Gold-mounted Solid  
Tortoiseshell Cigarette Tubes,  
4 sizes : 30/-, 33/6, 35/-, and 40/-



R.A.F. Brooch, in Diamonds & Enamel,  
£17 10s.  
With Diamond Letters and Gold and Enamel  
Wings, £6 18s. 6d.  
Plain Gold and Enamel, £2 10s.



CHARMING HAT (as sketch),  
in Corded Silk, new shaped crown  
worked diagonally, with binding  
and pom-pom of beaver.

Price 6½ gns.

**DEBENHAM  
& FREEBODY**

(DEBENHAMS Ltd.)

Wigmore Street, Cavendish  
Square, London, W. 1





## A DAINTY AFTERNOON DRESS

This smart Paris Model is in "Moonlight" blue Georgette over Mole Charmeuse and is trimmed with Mole Coney

Fur. It is cut in the new panel

style, showing the Mole Charmeuse to great advantage.

The long straight lines are becoming to every figure, giving a specially slim effect.



*We have a large selection of Novelties in*

**Coats  
Costumes  
Gowns  
Furs  
and  
Millinery**

*Our new Jersey Suits are the "correct thing" for present wear.*

*Mercie McHardy*

240 OXFORD ST.

Costume Department:  
3 PRINCES STREET,  
OXFORD CIRCUS,  
LONDON, W.1.



Hand Embroidered  
Bel-Broid Garments

**This exquisite Lingerie is the work of Belgian refugees famous the world over for their unrivalled needlework. In buying it you are helping them in their long exile.**

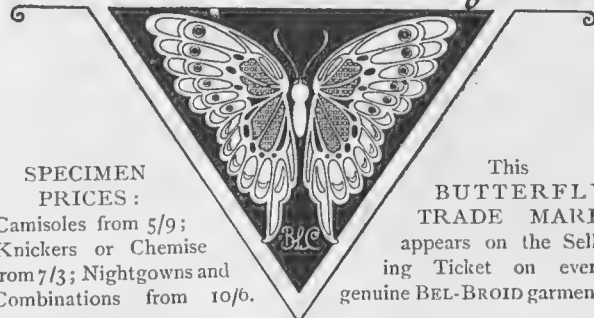
Bel-Broid is made in white, pink, helio, lemon, and sky, in designs to meet every taste from the luxurious to the strictly serviceable. Spotless, pure, and durable in wash and wear, a charm alike to eye and mind, to buyer and wearer. If you prefer it in the famous Tarantulle, specify which of the three weights—standard, fine, or superfine.

### SELECTION ON APPROVAL.

Allow us to send you a selection of Bel-Broid Lingerie on approval. Please state if you desire simple or elaborate garments. We confidently rely on your judgment, and will regard your remittance for approximate cost as a returnable deposit until we hear your decision. Or send us the usual trade reference.

Look for this BUTTERFLY TRADE MARK on the selling ticket on every Bel-Broid garment. Bel-Broid made of Tarantulle bears notification of the fact.

## Bel-Broid Lingerie



**SPECIMEN  
PRICES:**  
Camisoles from 5/9;  
Knickers or Chemise  
from 7/3; Nightgowns and  
Combinations from 10/6.

This  
**BUTTERFLY  
TRADE MARK**  
appears on the Sell-  
ing Ticket on every  
genuine BEL-BROID garment.

Address Madame J.  
**BELGEMBROID LINGERIE CO.,**  
(Late Jeanne de Neve Sisters.)  
**MONAGHAN.**

### USEFUL XMAS PRESENT



**INVALUABLE FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.**

The latest and best combined Purse for Cash and Notes. Compact and secure. OF ALL STATIONERS, or Post free, 3/-. from the Manufacturers,  
**JARROLD & SONS, Ltd.,**  
NORWICH.



*The Illustrated London News*  
**FINE-ART PLATES,  
PHOTOGRAVURES,  
ETC.**

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

172, STRAND, W.C. 2



# BARKERS

## GREAT SALE OFFER OF DRESSING GOWNS

UNDER COST

OF PRODUCTION

£4000

stock of  
Charming

**UNDER-  
SKIRTS**

SPECIAL  
OFFER AT  
PRICES  
UNDER  
THE COST  
OF PRO-  
DUCTION.

£5,000

stock of

**LAMBS-  
WOOL  
GOWNS**

at PRICES  
IMPOSSI-  
BLE to RE-  
PEAT after  
STOCK IS  
CLEARED



No. 85. DRESSING GOWN, in heavy quality Lambswool, lined to waist flannelette, waistband of material, prettily finished with collars and cuffs of White, embroidered Lawn. Shades: Crimson, Purple, Navy, Helio, Amethyst, Pale Saxe, Dark Saxe, Light Fraise, Dark Fraise

**52/6**

Exact Copy in Ripple Cloth. Shades: Pink, Sky, Light Rose, Light Saxe, Red, Amethyst, Helio, Dark Saxe,

**29/6**

X 81. DRESSING GOWN, in heavy quality lambswool. Long roll collar trimmed cable stitching. Material band at waist. Bodice lined flannelette. Shades: Crimson, Amethyst, Helio, Navy, Light Rose, Dark Rose, Light Saxe, Dark Saxe, Purple, Green,

**49/6**

Exact Copy in Ripple Cloth. Shades: Red, Amethyst, Grey, Light Saxe, Dark Saxe, Light Rose, Dark Rose,

**24/9**

A.F. 852 DRESSING GOWN, in best quality Lambswool, long roll collar, trimmed with Satin, band of material at waist. In Crimson, Purple, Navy, Amethyst, Dark Saxe, Light Saxe, Light and Dark Rose, and Green

**59/6**

A.F. 852A. EXACT COPY in RIPPLE. In Grey, Red, Light and Dark Rose, Light & Dark Saxe, Amethyst,

**29/6**

## BARKER CORSETS

NEW MODELS AT SPECIAL ECONOMY PRICES

Expert Fitters to advise and assist Ladies in choosing the exact Model required. Warm Boudoirs for fitting.

John Barker and Compy Ltd  
Kensington High St. W.8

## "VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor

*Instantly Adjustable  
in addition to being  
Self-Stropping*

This razor has won the premier position in the world's markets and in the Navy and Army as the *only* razor that "strops itself." To this unique feature is now added the advantage of instant adjustability. By a touch on the adjusting lug you can vary the distance between the blade and the guard with supreme precision and accuracy, adapting the setting according to the toughness of your beard or the tenderness of your skin.

A superkeen blade and the means of automatically stropping it—a well-finished razor frame which has no loose parts and can be cleaned by just a rinse and a wipe—these features, combined with adjustability of the blade, produce the nearest possible approach to perfection in the present "Valet" razor.

THE STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping "Valet" Safety Razor, twelve genuine "Valet" blades, and "Valet" strop; **21/-** complete in handsome case

*Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.*

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Ltd.,  
61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.

And also at New York, Paris, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.



The word "Valet" on Razors, Strops, and Blades indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.



# Revillon Frères

LONDON LTD.

BY APPOINTMENT

Newest French Models in



TO HM THE QUEEN.

Furs.



TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)

180, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

## Personality in Dress

"Lista" Shirts and Pyjamas reflect that air of solid worth which gives the wearer standing as a well-dressed man. For Officers' Khaki Shirts and ordinary wear "Lista" is unrivalled. It can be washed over and over again without injury. Once feel a "Lista" Shirt and you will want them always.



**LISTA**  
PURE SILK

Look for the word "Lista" upon the selvedge.  
Your favourite pattern can be selected at any Outfitters.

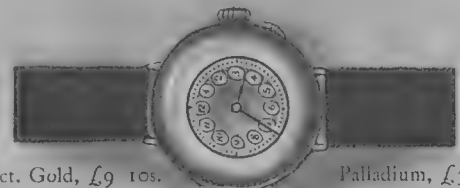
Wholesale only.  
LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.

*W. Benson's*

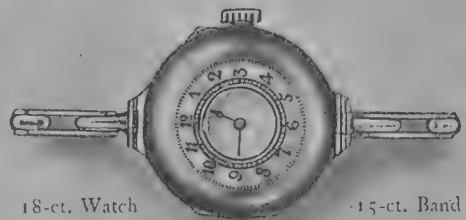
Perfect Timekeepers



Platinum and Diamonds  
Silver Dial, £105



9-ct. Gold, £9 10s. Palladium, £35  
Fancy Silver Dial. Moiré Silk Band



18-ct. Watch £20 15-ct. Band

Highest  
Quality  
Lever  
Movements

25, Old Bond St., W.1

Selections  
sent on  
approval



## From Generation to Generation.

In the year 1867 Craven Mixture was first introduced to the smoker, and the wide appreciation shewn towards its unparalleled quality was immediate proof that it had come to stay.

TO-DAY

the Fame and Quality  
of

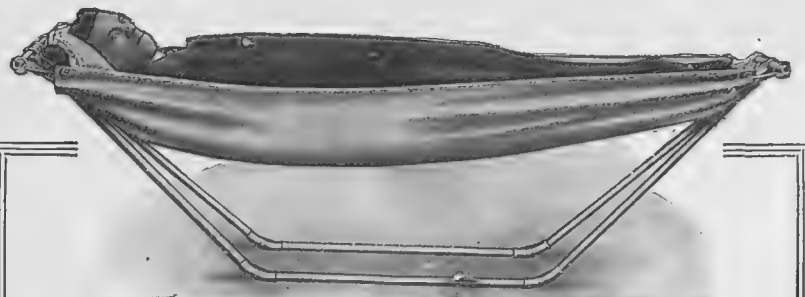
# Craven

MIXTURE

remains unchanged!

**2/2** per **2** oz.

Made by CARRERAS, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Est. 1788.



## The "GODDARD" Combined Portable Patent Hammock-Bed



For Camp, Garden, on board Ship, or anywhere in or out-of-doors, and as an emergency Bed in the house.

Can be erected or packed up in 3 minutes; is as easy to carry as a golf bag, and is no larger. The simplest, strongest, and most comfortable Collapsible Bed ever made. No mattress required.

*A necessary article for Officers on demobilisation and guard duties.*

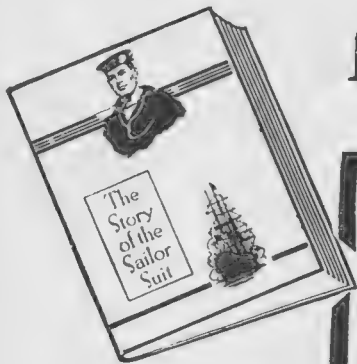
Non-rusting Framework and Rot-proof Canvas.

Can stand in damp grass or even in water.  
Weights only 18 lbs.

Price of Bed. **55/-** Mosquito Net or Sun Canopy Cover and Fittings, 23/- each. Rainproof Cover and Fittings, 35/- Carrying Sack, 6/6 extra.

Can be sent on five days' approval against cash remittance. Carriage extra 3/6 U.K.  
Write for free lists to the Agents for Goddard Beds and fittings—

**LIGHTWEIGHT TENT CO.,**  
Dept. A, 61, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.



Every boy should have a copy of  
"THE STORY  
OF THE  
SAILOR SUIT"

Showing in pen and picture the Uniforms of British Tars in every period of history. Send a postcard for a free copy.

## Rowe's Sailor Suits for Boys

**I**N the Navy every button, every piece of ribbon or tape on the Sailor Suit must be exactly right. Boys who wear Sailor Suits—and there is nothing that a boy looks better in—want to have their suits up to Navy standard—cut in the Navy fashion—right in every detail. There is no difference between the uniform of Sailors on the "Iron Duke" and a Rowe Sailor Suit for Boys. Rowe Sailor Suits are made in a sailor town—Gosport—within sight of the old "Victory." They almost have the breeze of the salt air that Nelson breathed.

And they're made for boys' wear. Every mother knows what that means without our telling.



**Rowe**  
of Gosport

78 High St. GOSPORT  
(Also at 106 New Bond St. London W.1)



Continued.

value; and initials are, if desired, neatly embroidered on the tops of them for a penny a pair extra if two days be allowed for delivery. An illustrated booklet will be sent on application.

**Superfine.**

We have the heart now to make our surroundings fair and beautiful, our homes bright and dainty as of old. There are those coming back that will look for it; be it far from us to disappoint them. If I have to sell my petticoats, I am going to have some things at Wilson's (of Bond Street) November Sale; my men do so love a pretty, dainty table, and the refreshing refinement of lovely linen sheets and pillow-cases, and the cheeriness of prettily curtained or blinded windows. The Adam design tablecloths and napery are full of fascination, and the chance to acquire some at this sale at one third less than the present prices is one to take.

There are some of the firm's famous Heirloom hand-woven, double damask lunch-cloths of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards square which are splendid investments at 20s. each. Table-centres, beautifully hand-worked with veining, embroidery, and lace, are from a guinea to 7s. 6d.—a little more than half the usual price. There are lots of bargains, too, in sheets and pillow-cases and in curtains. At this establishment when a sale is on purchases are bargains; for everything is superfine.

**Wright-O.**

There has been a little delay in getting it, but so good a thing is well worth waiting for; and now Wright's people tell us why we have had to wait a bit for their Coal Tar Soap, which is assuredly right all round. The Expeditionary Forces, especially those in the East, have made such great demands, and the Red Cross Hospitals have clamoured for it, and so we could not have just all we wanted directly we wanted it. However,

"everything comes to those who know how to wait," and so once again the refreshing smell of Wright's Coal Tar Soap assails our nostrils in our bath-rooms and bedrooms and nurseries, and our skins are truly thankful. The days of sending this splendid soap to our boys abroad are not yet over, although the conditions have changed. We send it now to our victorious heroes by sea, by land, and in the air—clean fighters, clean victors, clean thinkers, clean lads throughout—and they will all tell you, in war or peace, it's Wright-O!

Despite the strain and stress of war, "Holly Leaves," the always-popular Christmas Number of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, is even brighter, more interesting, and more delightfully illustrated than ever. The pages in colour are charming, the artists being such gifted men as V. Corcos, John E. Sutcliffe, Wilmot Lunt, Davidson Knowles, Harold Earnshaw, and Lawson Wood, who contributes a finely humorous page, "The Last Straw," a study of an overladen and protesting camel. There are five capital stories by Pett Ridge, Marriott Watson, Eden Phillpotts, John Worne, Wal Paget, and Barry Pain—a feast of good things, the artists being Wilmot Lunt, Ballicl Salmon, Fred Pegram, Wal Paget, and Arthur Garratt; the photogravure page illustrations are by R. Caton Woodville, A. C. Michael, J. C. Dollman, Gordon Browne, R.I., and H. M. Brock, and still other page illustrations are pages by Bernard Higham and C. E. Brock. It may be said that "Holly Leaves" has this year beaten its own fine record, and is a remarkable two-shillings'-worth of literature and art.



A beret of a most elaborate kind of black glacé Oriental velvet with feather tips on one side.



A "chic" variation of the tam made of black panne velvet with a flyaway bow at the top.

Insert a new photograph of yourself and this case would give some pleasure as an unexpected gift to your "nearest" one in the Forces.

**For Your Sugar**

A Dainty Novelty

Holding just the right amount of sugar, this "cute" little box can be carried easily in pocket or hand-bag. In various coloured leathers.

No. 3604 **4/-**

In Crushed Leathers **5/-**



## A Very Useful Memo Book and Photo Case

THIS is a neat way of economising space—always an important matter for men, particularly on Service—also of combining a number of necessary receptacles in one compact little case. On one side there is the place for a photograph, with a pocket behind for letters; in the centre a memorandum tablet and pencil, and on the other side two more pockets, one for Treasury notes, one for loose papers and cards, thus saving confusion and loss. The case measures only  $5 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

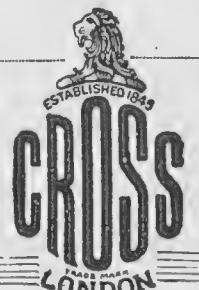
Made in Finest Pigskin Leather,  
No. 460, Price **16/6**

MARK CROSS LTD 89 REGENT ST LONDON, W.I.

Ladies on Army work will also find this Case exactly what they need. As explained, it is very compact, measuring only 5 ins. by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

### Dainty Handbags for Ladies

We have a most up-to-date selection of these handbags, which make attractive and ever-welcome presents.





## At the Dressing Table.

By MIMOSA.

### How Milicent Cheated Father Time.

I HADN'T seen Milicent for over three years, when I called on her a few days ago. I knew she had taken up munition work at the beginning of the war, and from what I had heard of her from time to time, hard work, early rising, and late to bed, I quite expected to find her looking older and very much the worse for her three years' work. But far from looking jaded and tired, I found her younger and fresher than when I had last seen her. Her complexion was smooth and clear, and her hair brighter, and more glossy than before, while the few wrinkles which I remember had entirely disappeared.

### How She Preserved Her Complexion.

After a little persuasion she told me the secret of how she had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years in which we had not met, in spite of her hard work and late hours.

She told me she owed the freshness of her complexion to the regular use every night of a little plain mercolised wax. This she rubbed gently into the face and neck, leaving it on all night, and washing it off in the morning with warm water. She had entirely given up the use of powder, which she told me she felt sure caused wrinkles, and was using instead a lotion made by mixing an ounce of clemintine in about two ounces of water. This lotion gives a most natural appearance, and is beneficial to the skin, and judging by her complexion, I can well believe it.

### Removing the Wrinkles.

When I asked what she had done to remove the little wrinkles which I remembered round her eyes and mouth, she told me "Nothing." The use of the mercolised wax had done the trick without any effort on her part. This wax, it seems, gently peels off all the dead outer skin, slowly and imperceptibly while one sleeps, and with the dead skin, all lines and wrinkles, leaving the fresh young complexion beneath clear and smooth.

### A Slight Growth of Superfluous Hair.

There was another point upon which I was very curious. Milicent used to have a slight growth of hair on her upper lip, which I am forced to admit, entirely spoilt her claims to being considered a pretty girl, and this, too, had entirely disappeared, owing to the use, she told me, of a little powdered pheminol. After two applications, she said, all traces of the growth had disappeared, but as a precaution she had used some tekko paste for a couple of weeks afterwards.

### How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

To keep her hair in good condition she had shampooed it regularly every fortnight with a dessert-spoonful of stallax dissolved in hot water, then dried it without rinsing (as this is not necessary when using stallax) and given it a good brushing. Every month she gave it a stimulant in the form of a simple tonic. For one week in every four she massaged into the roots every night a tonic made by mixing an ounce of boranium with four ounces of Bay Rum or Eau de Cologne.

### A Perfectly Natural Colour.

Milicent had always been naturally pale, and I remarked on the pretty flush which had come into her cheeks. This, she confessed, was not natural (although it had deceived even an expert like myself), but was brought about by using a little pure colliandum, which she applied to her cheeks with a piece of cotton wool. The beauty of this colour was, that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deepened as the atmosphere became warmer, just as a natural colour would.

## THE PROPRIETORS of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Tender their apologies to their customers, old and new, who have been disappointed by delay in delivery.

The demand for  
**THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES**

(Especially in the EAST),

For

**THE RED CROSS HOSPITALS**

and the General Trade, has largely increased, whilst the Government Control Departments have not been able to allow adequate supplies of raw material to cope with the increased demand.

## WRIGHT'S Is the ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE COAL TAR SOAP.

For nearly 60 Years it has had the recommendation of  
**THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.**

WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, Ltd.

SOUTHWARK, LONDON, S.E. 1.

## Silk Covers and Costly Handles are Worthless — Unless

they are fitted to **Fox's Frames**, the celebrated Umbrella Frames with more than half-a-century's reputation. Made of the finest tempered steel, they are as resilient as a sword, and as lasting. All Umbrella-makers, Drapers, and Outfitters, stock Umbrellas made on these Frames. Look for these Trade Marks — refuse all others.

## FOX'S FRAMES FOR UMBRELLAS AND SUNSHADES

Look for these Marks

S. FOX & CO LIMITED

PARAGON



## Rowland's Odonto

"For Your Teeth."

The daily use of this dentifrice will remove and prevent the accumulation of Tartar, which is the most destructive Enemy of the Teeth, will purify and sweeten the breath, harden the gums, and make the Teeth beautifully sound and white. 2/9 per box. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.



Manfield

**O BAYO**  
REAL  
SARDINES

The Elite of the Sea

## War adds to the Perils of the Sea

Your very existence to-day is dependant upon the bravery of the British Seamen, who daily face enormous risks to ensure that you get your daily bread. Won't you show your gratitude by helping to provide for the dependents of those brave men who gave their lives in bringing you food, or by helping to provide for those who have broken down under the stress and strain of war-time navigation?

Gifts of any size will be greatly appreciated. Why not fill in the contribution form and send your donation to-day?

### CONTRIBUTION FORM.

To the **SECRETARY**, Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Building, Water Street, LIVERPOOL (Incorporated by special Act of Parliament).

In appreciation of the gallant efforts and noble sacrifices of our Merchant Seamen, I enclose the sum of £. . . . . towards the funds of your Association.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to the Mercantile Marine Service Association, and crossed "Bank of Liverpool, Not Negotiable."



### BEFORE YOU GO

After the day's work, a wash and Pomeroy Day Cream are all that the tired face needs, to cleanse the skin and bring back beauty to the complexion. Just try it and see how refreshing it is, how delightfully cooling. No matter under what adverse conditions present circumstances compel you to work, Pomeroy Day Cream will be your complexion's safeguard. It can be applied so quickly, and being non-greasy, vanishes at once, removing all impurities from the skin, and leaving the face refreshed, comfortable, and attractive.

**Pomeroy  
Day Cream**

In dainty half-crown vases, at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.  
Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.,  
29 Old Broad Street, London, W.1



## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

*The Tomboy  
Terror.*

Everyone is willing to acknowledge the value of the work done by the girls of the country, and that they have helped loyally to win the war. The pity, therefore, is the greater that their chief recreation seems to be pushing their way along the pavement regardless of common civility. It may seem a trivial fault, but it is only too true that "manners they have none." Noise and Speed seem to be the idols at whose altars they worship, and it is to be hoped that when they are demobilised they will revert to a more agreeable method of self-expression and "deportment."

*An Interesting  
Peace Baby.*

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have received many congratulations upon their possession of a third daughter. She was born on Friday morning; and Mr. Churchill, being at Buckingham Palace, received cordial congratulations from the King, who has always been an admirer of Mr. Churchill's downright impetuosity, which seems rather to smack

of the sea. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill now have three daughters and a son. It is a happy omen that the new daughter should arrive at a time when the world shows signs of reverting to peace. No doubt the circumstance will be reflected in one of her Christian names when the time comes for the important demand, "Name this child!" The point is causing a good deal of speculation among Mr. Churchill's many friends, political and private.

*Scotched—Not Kilt.*

Fashion—or, perhaps, the short supply of material—threatens us with tight, short skirts. It is hard to find beauty of line in such a style, and if the abbreviation is too marked, our girls might almost as well adopt the kilt. It may be hoped that the idea may be scotched at once, as its only justification would be economy. The "mannish" woman is quite prevalent enough already; and it is not desirable that abbreviated skirts should be encouraged, for we cannot afford to lose what little beauty is left in these days of stress when women are in such enterprising and often courageous fashion entering so many fields usually regarded as belonging to men.



HER PRIZE: A SILVER TANK FOR LADY HAIG.

Lady Haig, who, on Nov. 14, distributed prizes to schoolboy essayists, at the War Models Exhibition in aid of the War Seal Foundation, Oxford Street, was herself the recipient of a gift—a silver model of a Whippet Tank. The presentation was made by Mr. Hayes Fisher, the late President of the Local Government Board.

Photograph by L.N.A.

USE IT ON YOUR  
HANDS and FACE

—last thing at night and you never need worry about your appearance.

BEETHAM'S  
**La-rola**

(The best substitute for Glycerine). is a natural skin food and emollient which takes away all the tell-tale traces of housework—red and roughened hands, etc. It is a thing which every housewife should know about. The work must be done, but you can use LA-ROLA and yet retain a complexion and hands second to none for softness and delicate whiteness. La-rola is quite economical at 1/11 per bottle because it goes a long way. It is so good that all chemists and stores sell it.



## PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Ro-e-Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT!

Boxes 1/6.

M. BEETHAM & SON,  
Cheltenham Spa,  
England.

**Urodonal**

## DISSOLVES URIC ACID.

The sign of the temporal artery indicates the beginning of Arterio-Sclerosis.



The age of a man is the age of his arteries. Keep your arteries young by taking URODONAL, and you will thereby avoid Arterio-Sclerosis, which hardens the walls of the blood vessels and renders them stiff and brittle.

Recommended by Prof. LANCEREAUX, late President of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, in his "Treatise on Gout."

"If you should see between the eye and the root of the hair, under the wrinkled and withered skin of the temples, a kind of hard, bluish, and knotted cord protruding, be on your guard, for you are threatened with senility. It does not matter if you have not a white hair, your arteries are growing old. Act immediately.

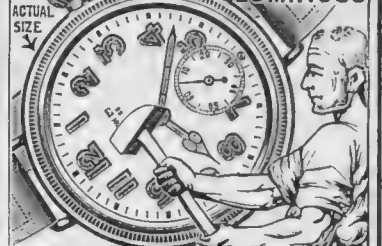
"Purify your blood of the poisonous substances which taint it, and especially of the most dangerous of all—viz., Uric Acid. To effect this miracle it is only necessary to take a thorough course of the wonder-working Urodonal, which dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar, and which is the standard treatment of arterio-sclerosis."

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British & Colonial Agents, HEPPELLS Pharmacists, 104, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

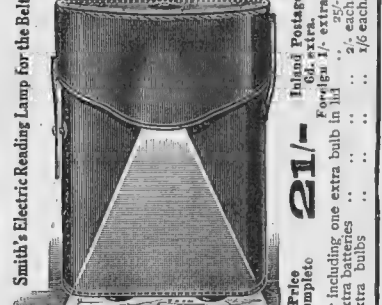
Full explanatory booklets sent post free on application

WATCHMAKERS — Estb. 1851.

**SMITH'S ALLIES WATCH****FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.**

SCREW IN SILVER CASE £4 4 0 EVERY WATCH WARRANTED, and £5 5 0

WITH HINGED CASE .. £3 3 0



Size of Lamp 5 1/2 x 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches.

Fine Sapphire and Brilliant Ring, £4 15 0

Fine Double Cluster Brilliant Ring, £10 10 0

A fine assortment of Rings and Jewellery always in stock.

**S. SMITH & SON LTD.** Estd. 1851

HOLDERS OF 6 ROYAL WARRANTS. WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

6, GRAND HOTEL BLDG, TRAFALGAR SQ. W.C. & 58, PICCADILLY, W.



THE MOST FASCINATING GIFT FOR A LADY  
OF QUALITY IS A COMPLETE SET OF THE  
**MORNY FINE TOILET PRODUCTS**  
*fragrant with*  
**ESSENCE "MYSTERIEUSE"**



	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essence "Mystérieuse." The most engaging Bouquet ever devised for the woman who desires to be associated with memories of a discreet and charming fragrance. Crystal bottles ... ..	13	9	27	0
"Mystérieuse" Toilet Water. A teaspoonful to the ewer most beneficially "softens" the water for washing the face, neck, and hands. Stoppered bottles, with glass stilligouttes ... ..	9	0	17	0
"Mystérieuse" Bath Salts. One tablespoonful suffices to scientifically "soften" an entire bath, and to leave upon the skin a distinctive and enduring perfume. Stoppered bottles ... ..	3	10	9	4
"Mystérieuse" Bath Salts Tablets. Into the space of a small cube MORNY FRÈRES now compress sufficient of their famous Bath Crystals for one bath. Flat boxes of 12 tablets ... ..	3	10	3	10
"Mystérieuse" Complexion Powder. Unsurpassed for adherence and capacity to absorb grease and perspiration. Rachel, Rachel-Fonce, Rachel-Naturelle, Rose, etc. Square cases ... ..	5	0	5	0
"Mystérieuse" Bath Dusting Powder. A cooling, absorbent, and antiseptic Toilet Powder for use with the large body-puff. The last refinement of the dainty toilette. Kegs ... ..	5	0	9	4
"Mystérieuse" Toilet Soap. An extra fine quality Soap, exceptionally perfumed. Single tablet in box, 5/-. Box of three regular-size tablets, or six guest-room tablets ... ..	5	0	13	9
"Mystérieuse" Bath Soap in Tablets. Shaped in convenient oval, each tablet weighing approximately ½ lb. Yields a fragrant, profuse and creamy lather. Box of six tablets ... ..	10	6	10	6
Total costs of sets ... ..	55	11	95	9

6-inch Powder Bowl (black and gold) and Puff, 27/6 extra.

Similar Sets supplied in "June Roses," "Chaminade," "Sérénade," and other Original Morny Fragrances at their relative prices. (Illustrated Brochures sent on request.)

**MORNY FRÈRES LIMITED, Chemist-Perfumers, 201 Regent Street, London, W.1.**

The name "MORNY" is the accepted **Hall Mark** for Perfumery.



# Stellite Cars



OF UNIQUE  
DISTINCTION.  
NO WEAK  
POINTS.

BUILT BY A BRANCH OF VICKERS LTD.  
Add your name to our Waiting List  
THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO. LTD.  
WARD END WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON AGENTS, WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. YORK ST. WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

## ANDERSONS' WATERPROOFS

In every Grade — the Best.



FOR all kinds of Water-resisting Goods and Clothing, the House of Andersons' stands pre-eminent. Civilians, Sportsmen, Naval and Military Men, Boys and Girls can be suited with their every requirement in these respects. In the Ladies' Department will be found the Smartest and most Up-to-date Feminine Waterproof Wear obtainable.

33 GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS.

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, Ltd.,  
Rubber, Waterproof and Oilskin Manufacturers.  
37, Queen Victoria Street,  
London, E.C.4.

58-59, Charing Cross,  
London, S.W. 1

157-158, Piccadilly  
London, W. 1.

Note the Trade Mark which guarantees  
Quality and reliability.

Registered Trade Mark.

For your  
BOYS'  
&  
GIRLS'  
OVERCOATS

Go to  
SAMUEL  
BROTHERS LTD  
OXFORD CIRCUS  
W.  
& LUDGATE HILL  
E.C.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI.** Evenings, at 7.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.  
W. H. BERRY. 2nd Year. "THE BOY."

**CRITERION.** "YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW."  
THE FUNNIES' FARCE IN TOWN.  
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Mon, Weds., Thurs., & Sats., at 2.30. (Ger. 3844.)

**DALY'S.** (2nd Year.) "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."  
The GEORGE EDWARDES Musical Production.  
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Mabel Sealby,  
Faith Bevan, and José Collins.  
EVERY EVENING, at 7.45. MATINEES Tues., Thurs., and Sats., at 2.

**DRURY LANE.** (Ger. 2588.) "SHANGHAI."  
A SPECTACULAR OPERETTE, in 2 Acts. ALFRED LESTER.  
Every Evening, at 7.45. Matinees Tues., Wed., Sat., at 2.15.

**GAIETY.** Evenings, at 7.45. Mats. Mon., Wed., and Sat., at 2.15.  
"GOING UP."  
JOSEPH COYNE, Marjorie Gordon, Evelyn Laye, Ruby Miller, Tom Walls.

**GLOBE.** (Ger. 8722.) Manager, MARIE LÖHR.  
EVERY EVENING, at 7.50. MATINEES Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.15  
"NURSE BENSON."  
MARIE LÖHR. FRED KERR. LOTTIE VENNE. DAWSON MILWARD.

**LYRIC.** (Ger. 3687) DORIS KEANE in "ROXANA."  
BASIL SYDNEY. ATUENE SEYLER. Nightly, at 8. Matinees Weds. and Sats., 2.15.

**PRINCE OF WALES.** "FAIR AND WARMER."  
FAY COMPTON, Mary Forbes, Ronald Squire, Edward Combermere, and  
DAVID MILLER. The best laugh in London.—Daily papers.

**QUEEN'S.** "THE LUCK OF THE NAVY."  
AS PLAYED BEFORE H.M. THE QUEEN.  
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Mon., Weds., and Sats., at 2.30.

**SAVOY.** "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."  
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees every Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30.

**ST. JAMES'S.** Gertrude Elliott in "EYES OF YOUTH."  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30.

**THE PALACE.** "HULLO AMERICA!"  
ELSIE JANIS, STANLEY LUPINO, and OWEN NARES.  
Evenings, at 7.45. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.

**THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY'S FREE SMOKING**  
CONCERT on SUNDAY NIGHT at 7 p.m. for SOLDIERS, SAILORS, and their  
FRIENDS, at the ÆOLIAN HALL, 135, NEW BOND STREET, W. All seats free.

**ALHAMBRA.** Evenings, at 7.40.  
Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat., 2.15.  
"THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY."  
GEORGE ROBEY. VIOLET LORRAINE.

**EMPIRE.** "THE LILAC DOMINO." Gerr. 3527  
CLARA BUTTERWORTH, JAMIESON DODDS, and FRANK LALOR.  
Evenings, at 7.45. Mats. Monds., Weds., and Sats., at 2.15.

**PALLADIUM.** Managing Director, Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER.  
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London. THREE PERFORMANCES  
DAILY, 2.30, 6.0, 8.20. Programme commencing Nov. 18th. Little Tich, Ruth Vincent,  
Coram, Elliott Savonas, Carlton, Vera Wootton, Sam Stern, 8 Harmony Girls, etc. Varieties.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NOTICE.  
MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature.  
A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.2.

## MOTORISTS!

NOW SWITCH ON your **CAY's** and "TAKE THE DAYLIGHT WITH YOU."

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND  
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2 18s. 9d.  
Six Months, £1 8s. 2d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 10s. 7d.  
Three Months, 14s. 1d. (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 6d.  
CANADA,  
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 os. 11d.  
Six Months, £1 9s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), £1 11s. 8d.  
Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 17s.  
ELSEWHERE ABROAD.  
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 5s. 3d.  
Six Months, £1 11s. 5d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 13s. 10d.  
Three Months, 15s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 18s. 2d.  
Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

# 'TRIPLEX'

THE "TRIPLEX"  
SAFETY GLASS Co. LD.  
1, Albemarle St.,  
Piccadilly,  
London, W.1.



Ready December 2

Price Two Shillings

# The "Sketch" Christmas Number



"PIERROT THE LOVER."

(A miniature reproduction of one of the five coloured Kirchners.)



"THE BRIDE."

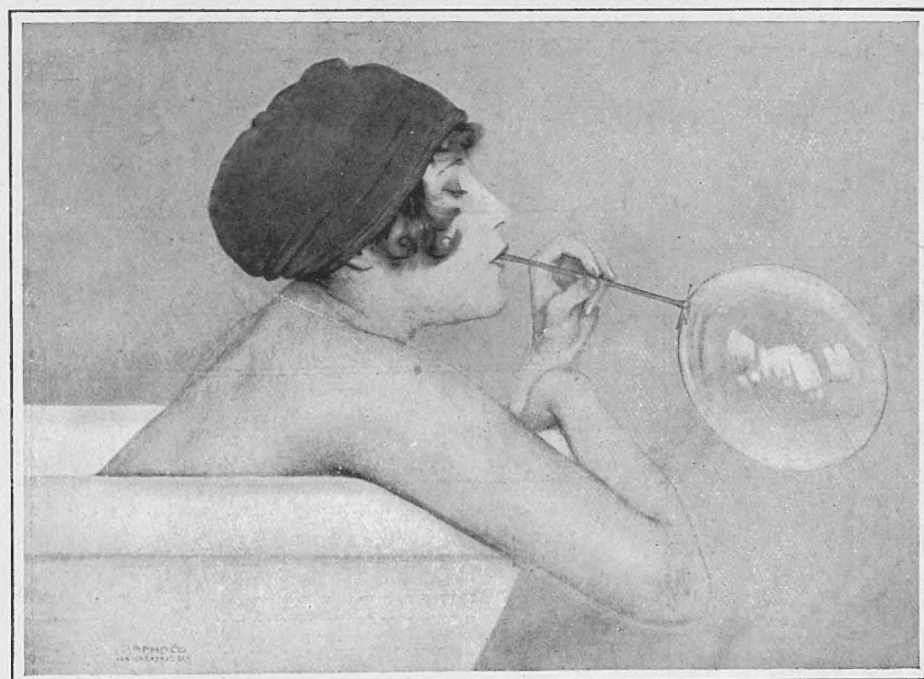
(A miniature reproduction of one of the five coloured Kirchners.)



"SINGED WINGS."

(A miniature reproduction of one of the five coloured Kirchners.)

## FIVE KIRCHNER COLOUR-PLATES



"BUBBLES - NEW STYLE."

(A miniature reproduction of the double-page coloured Kirchner.)



"IN CUPID'S CHAINS."

(A miniature reproduction of one of the five coloured Kirchners.)

# The "Sketch" Christmas Number

*Always the Brightest and Best.*

To ensure a copy, order from your Newsagent or Bookstall at once.

Publishing Office : 172, Strand, London, W.C. 2.



# The Sketch

2/-



CHIEF CONTENTS

OF THE

**Sketch Christmas Number**



**FIVE KIRCHNER**

**COLOUR - PLATES**

PETOED PLAYS.

IF REEL LIFE WERE REAL LIFE.

THE CHRISTMAS-GIFT GIRLS.

OTHER CHRISTMASES :

By PAVILION PILL TO —

COMIC PICTURES

By W. HEATH ROBINSON, G. E. STUDDY, and Others.

STORIES

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, "PIONEER," and H. P. HOLT.

# Christmas Number